THE MORLANDS.

TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

SIMPLE AND SURPRISING.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar. HOR.

My scenes, though feign'd, from real life I draw.

——— *ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. HOR.

Forth from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight. FRANCIS.

By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

By the word *ſimple*, in the title-page, I do not mean devoid of involution, which would render a ſtory inſipid as well as ſimple; but a diſplay of common or probable facts, natural ſentiments, and characters, ſo compoſed as to engage the attention and intereſt the mind: *ex noto fictum*. Neither do I mean by the word *ſurpriſing*, the marvellous, which conducts the mind beyond the limits of nature; but a ſeries of facts ſo highly improbable as to ſeem impoſſible, till in the winding up of the ſtory they are fully accounted for.

The chief object, however, of this as well as of my former novels, is to mend the heart in the entertainment of leisure hours. I hope it will be deemed worthy of a place by the others, though I am sensible it has many faults.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

THE TANJORE MAHA... SARAS... MAHAL.

INTRODUCTION.

Soon after the following tale was begun a friend called upon the Author, and being informed how he was employed, aſked if he was determined to adhere to his plan of ſimple memoirs.

AUTHOR.

The value of theſe works of imagination conſiſts in the faithful pictures they preſent of mankind. When an author tranſports his reader into the regions of improbability, his only view is to amuſe idleneſs, and gratify wonder, the paſſion of children.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and the view of every writer, I presume, is to be read.

AUTHOR.

Yes: but it ſhould not be his principal one.

FRIEND.

Chapter firſt. Pray read me this chapter.

AUTHOR.

With all my heart.

FRIEND *(the chapter being read)*.

It will not do to go on thus. Work in a little of the marvellous, or at leaſt of the ſurpriſing, and depend upon it the book will ſell the better.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

In Morland all muſt be nature. He writes his own memoirs, you ſee, and I have no right to alter his facts; I have only to pay attention to the ſtyle, and correct the preſs.

FRIEND.

A thought ſtrikes me: will you allow me to put it into execution?

AUTHOR.

What is it?

FRIEND.

To ſtart with you from the firſt chapter: ſimple as it is, it may be turned into a faſhionable romance—do you go on arranging your every-day facts and characters, and allow me to engraft a romance of ſurpriſing adventures on your ſtock of natural and ſimple life.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

With all my heart. As ſoon as you have done we will compare our manuſcripts. But by *ſurpriſing* do you mean to give looſe to impoſſible or improbable flights?

FRIEND.

No: I do not mean to write a fairy-tale, or an Arabian night's entertainment. Perhaps, however, I ſhall attempt to aſtoniſh—but I muſt not betray myſelf. Let us ſay nothing to each other of our compoſitions till we are ready to read them.

This was agreed upon. THE MORLANDS were finiſhed nearly about the ſame time, and the following is the firſt tale.

MORLAND.

THE FIRST TALE.

Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar.

HOR.

My ſcenes, though feign'd, from real life I draw.

THE TANJORE ... MAHAL

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MORLAND.

CHAP. I.

The Education and Prospects of Morland.—Tears of early Gratitude.—A bitter Pill gilt.—Exterior Mourning.—The benevolent Curate.—Morland begins his Journey.—Of Birth.

I RECEIVED the early part of my education at an excellent ſchool in the town of Reading. Having experienced all the care and affection of a mother in the kindneſs of a lady whoſe name was Waller, it was not till I was a big boy, that I began to make any ſerious inquiry reſpecting my

parents; and it was to little purpofe when I did. I was filenced, and defired to confider my benefactrefs as my only parent.

Mrs. Waller was the widow of a brewer, who, at the time of his death, was beginning to accumulate a fortune; but his debts amounting to a confiderable fum, the clear remainder of his property afforded only a moderate income for his widow, with which, as fhe had no children, fhe managed to live comfortably, and to give me an education that entitled me to look upon myfelf as a gentleman. As my underftanding ftrengthened, I became lefs curious on the fubject of my birth; for, reflecting on it, I took it

into

into my head that Mrs. Waller, diſappointed in not having children of her own, had yielded to a natural deſire, and ſupplied the want by adopting a poor orphan. At the age of eighteen ſhe ſent me to the univerſity of Oxford, with a decent allowance regularly paid every quarter; it was enough for my maintenance, and the proſecution of my ſtudies, the ſole objects of my ambition.

At Oxford I made the beſt uſe I could of my opportunity to ſatisfy the thirſt for knowledge which had been excited during the laſt years of my ſtay at the ſchool at Reading. What ſucceſs I might ultimately have had in the ſtudy of divinity I

cannot determine; for though Mrs. Waller intended me for the church, Fortune, who, it ſeems was not in her councils, had determined to diſpoſe of me otherwiſe. My firſt attempts to dive into the myſteries of theology completely diſcouraged me; for I was not content to pin my faith on the ſleeve of any man, of whatever reputation for learning and underſtanding, and I therefore read the works of freethinkers as well as thoſe of orthodox divines. The conſequence was that, after reading a few months, I found that I was alternately a Chriſtian and a Deiſt, and that I was becoming an Atheiſt, by means of the volume I had entered upon. This awoke me to a ſenſe of my incapacity: "No," cried I, "I

will

will not be an Atheiſt—all nature proclaims a God; and, if it did not, I have that within me which does." I ſhut the book, reſolved to poſtpone the ſtudy of divinity till my reaſoning faculty had obtained a greater degree of maturity, till it was ſtrong enough to detect fallacies as I proceeded, and till I had amaſſed a fund of real knowledge that would aſſiſt me in developing and fixing the abſtruſe points of ſo important, but at the ſame time ſo difficult, a ſcience.

I took my leave of metaphyſics, and opened the book of Nature. With what avidity did I ſeize the curious facts it preſented to me, with what delight did I purſue the plain and eaſy reaſoning that reſult-

ed from them. Newton and Buffon had no reſt for me: they were perpetually on my table. I read, extracted, and abridged.

Charmed with nature, I began to be anxious to be more acquainted with that of man. I ſtudied anatomy, I went through a treatiſe of logic, I read Locke, and found myſelf again involved in metaphyſics. I ſought for information of the actions of men, and the ſprings of thoſe actions; I was referred to hiſtory. I read hiſtory, both ancient and modern, with pleaſure, yet with diſappointment: I I did not find what I was in ſearch of. I felt little affinity between the perſonages introduced and myſelf. Kings and princes, ſtateſmen and heroes, founders of ſects, and royal

miſtreſſes,

miſtreſſes, preſented me an immenſe and agreeable drama, but I heard nothing of the ordinary race of mankind, except as communities; and to contemplate things in the aggregate, I knew, was not the way to become acquainted with them. To analyſe was the method to obtain knowledge, but analyſis was the operation of experience. This concluſion convinced me that I ſhould but loſe my time in endeavouring to ſtudy men in books; and, in the ſecond year of my reſidence at Oxford, I reſolved to return ſeriouſly to thoſe ſtudies which were to fit me for the profeſſion to which I was deſtined. I was ſatisfied with thinking that I ſhould, in time, mix with the world, and judge for myſelf;

meanwhile I had an agreeable, if not a brilliant profpect, and the morning of my life dawned without clouds.

I had nearly completed my twentieth year, when one day, as I was weighing the arguments in favour of a particular providence, the curate of Reading came fuddenly into my room, and taking me by the hand, faid to me, with tears in his eyes: "I have bad news for you, my dear Ned, which it would not be friendly to withhold from you a moment, I feel extremely for you—You are loft — Mrs. Waller is dead." — "Mrs, Waller dead!" cried I, agitated, and far from thinking of all the confequences of fuch an event.

I recol-

I recollected my obligations to the worthy woman, my feelings were severely shocked, my heart swelled, and I burst into tears.

"Give way to your tears, my friend," said the good curate, embracing me, "I love these proofs of an amiable nature: these tears cannot be suspected, and they are sweet in comparison with those you will have to shed for yourself."—"What more," said I, "have I to lament than the death of her who acted the part of a mother to me?" "Yes, my dear boy," replied the curate, "she did indeed act the part of a mother to you, and no other will supply her place. You are at the mercy of the world; a hard-hearted world,

 from

from which charity is banifhed, where not even a trace of humanity is to be difcerned. You muft leave Oxford, my friend."—"What!" cried I, "Give up my ftudies?" "Who is to enable you to profecute them?" faid the curate. "Has Mrs. Waller then," replied I, "left me entirely deftitute?" "Entirely," rejoined he, "for fhe died inteftate, and her relations are needy perfons, as little inclined, as compellable by the laws, to attend to the moral claims of an unknown orphan. By my abfence from Reading at the time of Mrs. Waller's death, which happened a fortnight ago, you were fpared the mortification of learning your fate from the voice of infenfibility and vulgarity; for as I fhould have

have immediately written to you, you would probably have attended, and received the communication from her brothers. It was fortunate I did not, as on inquiry when I returned, I found that the brutes who inherit the property of your benefactreſs, had ſpoken of her with great diſreſpect, for her goodneſs to you. The poor lady being carried off by an apoplectic fit, ſeals were immediately put to all her drawers, and her friends informed of the event. She was interred with bare decency, after the ſtricteſt ſearch had been made for a will, without ſucceſs. I ſhould have doubted ſome foul play, had not my worthy friend, Davis, her apothecary, who affixed the

ſeals to her drawers, attended at their removal, and aſſiſted in the ſearch. He aſſured me that no will was to be found, and that he was perfectly ſatisfied Mrs. Waller had not made one. Finding you ſtill ignorant of your misfortune, I reſolved, before I commmunicated it to you, to make an effort in your favour, by ſtating your ſituation to her brothers, who are ſugar-bakers in London, to whom I wrote a civil letter, in which I called upon them, in the name of juſtice and humanity, to take into conſideration the dreadful poſition into which you were ſo unexpectedly thrown. There is their anſwer."

I took the letter held out by the curate, and read as follows:

"Sir,

"Sir,

"We have duly received your favour, bearing date the 15th inftant, and note the contents. Can't fay we are pleafed with them at all, not feeing what right a ftranger have to meddle with what do not concern him. What our fifter, Mrs. Waller, have left behind her is by no ways fit to fupport any fuch charity, and we have plenty to do to fupport the poor of our own parifh. She have injured both herfelf and us by her headftrong manner of fquandering her little property on the perfon you fpeak of, who, as for the matter of juftice, ought to pay us back what our fifter robbed her own blood of to fpend on him, and fo we beg to

hear

JORE MAHARAJA SREEGOPI'S SA

hear no more on this buſineſs, and are,

Sir,

Your humble Servants,

J. & W. BROWN."

"*To the Rev. Mr. Scot, Reading.*"

I claſped my hands, I caſt my eyes to heaven, "Great God," cried I, "what ſhame am I involved in! and the aſhes too of my benefactreſs reproached on my account!"

"Gently, my good friend," ſaid Mr. Scot, "this is a moment for the exerciſe of virtue—baniſh from your mind the thought of a conduct that diſgraces human nature, and reſume your firmneſs. I know not from what motive Mrs. Waller, who ne-

ver

ver opened her mind to me on the ſubject, thought proper to educate you for a ſituation, to which it does not appear that you were entitled; but certain it is that ſhe has left this world without taking any care to ſupport you in that ſituation.—She has never told me, or any body elſe, whether there was any relation between you and her, or given the leaſt idea of who you are. Deprived of her aſſiſtance, you are now left totally to yourſelf. Replete, as is your mind with the ſeeds of virtue, the poverty and want which ſtare you in the face are the only things you have to fear. It is now neceſſary, my friend, to think how you may avert their effects."

"What

"What ſhall I do?" cried I, "to whom ſhall I apply? you are the only friend I have on earth, for I have formed no connexion during my reſidence at Oxford. The familiarity of the great, which I might have ſhared, I knew would be inevitable deſtruction; and even with my equals I have aſſociated but little, being impelled by gratitude to my benefactreſs to avoid every occaſion of expence that might tempt me to exceed the allowance ſhe made, which, though ſcanty, was as much as ſhe could afford, and more than I had a right to expect: but the conſequence is that I have made no friends here."

"And if you had, my dear Morland," replied the curate, "of what ufe could fuch friends be to you? My good friend, you would have found yourfelf neglected and deferted by them, and of courfe your misfortune would have been but the heavier. Befides, the collegians are young men under age, who have no power over their fortune; and if they were inclined to affift you, would not be allowed by their friends to make fo noble a ufe of their ability. Your ftudies have been confined to books; you know nothing of mankind. England, in former ages, produced a race of men more unpolifhed in appearance than the prefent, but they were natural, open, and beneficent: now, under a more civilized

civilized exterior, men of all claſſes, the very poor excepted, plunged in luxury and debauchery, and in conſequence, devoured by avarice, have renounced humanity—All, all are abſorbed in the eager purſuit of the means to ſupport their pomp and pleaſures. To what purpoſe would you apply to beings of this ſtamp? Even were your talents, for a moment, to excite the good-will of one of them, you could only hope to ſecure a continuance of his patronage by relinquiſhing every opinion and ſentiment of your own; by flattery, by baſe compliances, by a total dereliction of ſelf-reſpect. Be above it, my friend, and place no dependence on the patronage of the great."

"But

"But what," ſaid I, with an anxious and ſorrowful countenance, "what is to become of me?"—"I have already weighed in my mind," replied the curate, "ſeveral plans for you. I have thought of your being introduced into ſome wealthy family as a tutor, but your youth is againſt it; for you are in fact little more than a boy yourſelf; you even look younger than you are, and you will find no one to truſt you. The army would not be amiſs; but then there is no obtaining a commiſſion without money, or powerful intereſt; and thoſe delicate limbs, formed in the ſhade of academic bowers, will never do for a common ſoldier. You may have the courage and ho-

nour of a Hotſpur; but to be a ſoldier in the ranks, you ſhould be five foot ten, ſtrong, and patient: any other quality is uſeleſs, and perhaps dangerous. You are not young enough to begin the life of a ſailor; the habits neceſſary for that profeſſion muſt be acquired at a very early period; and, as it were, wrought into the conſtitution. As to a trade, though you were diſpoſed to learn one, you muſt ſerve an apprenticeſhip; but where is the apprentice-fee to come from? My dear fellow, I tremble to mention to you the only means left you to procure, in the heart of the fineſt country, what the earth yields liberally in the moſt unfavoured parts of the world, to thoſe

men

men living without laws, and without labour, called ſavages: You have no reſource but ſervice."

"Heavens!" exclaimed I, "ſervice! wear a livery?"

The curate, diſſatisfied with the world, and perſuaded that I had no alternative, had made this circuitous harangue to ſoften my dreadful fall; but I was by no means prepared for it. Though I was a ſtranger to pride, I poſſeſſed an elevation of ſoul that could not ſuddenly brook the thought of the abject condition, to which a compliance with Mr. Scot's ſuggeſtion would reduce me; and the tears I ſhed at the bare idea were, indeed, as he had predicted, bitter in compariſon

comparifon with thofe which were the melancholy but foft effufions of gratitude. He attempted to confole me. "Why diftrefs yourfelf in this manner, my dear Ned?" faid he. "Though many things might be faid in fupport of the ftate I have mentioned, I allow that to an educated mind it is humiliating; but you have no choice, and recollect that virtue ennobles every ftate. Your foul will not become fervile: you will do your duty, and by making yourfelf neceffary to your employers, they will be attached to you. Far from leading the lazy life of perfons in the ftation to which you are obliged to defcend, you will privately cultivate and mature the fruits of your former ftudies; and who knows but you may be as fortunate

fortunate as ſome who are now making a figure in the world after having ſtood behind a chair? Come, come, keep up your ſpirits; it requires more courage to fall than to riſe, particularly when the deſcent is rough; but preſerve the magnanimity and good ſenſe which guides you down, and you will ſee that the humbleſt part may be ſuſtained without debaſement."

The neceſſity, the hope, the philoſophy contained in the curate's argument could not diminiſh the repugnance I felt to the mortifying reſource propoſed; and though, from want of experience, I could think of no other leſs mortifying, I continued to gaze in ſilence at him through

the big tears that, having ceafed to flow, expanded over the furface of my eyes.

Perceiving that I made no reply, he proceeded thus: " Take the plan in another point of view, for I fee the reafoning I have ufed cannot reconcile you to the humiliating garb of a domeftic. You find yourfelf on this planet called the Earth, in a manner ifolated, dropped from the clouds, without relation or connexion; confider yourfelf then as a being of another fphere, unacquainted with the one into which you have fallen. You are not devoid of curiofity, and with the attainments your faculties have acquired, no form, no walk of life is fo adapted to give you a complete

knowledge of this nether world. If any thing occur to change your fortune, and to give you a taſte for this planet, it will be no diſgrace to you to have deſcended, like the gods of antiquity, in diſguiſe: if, on the contrary, nothing happen to extricate you from this lowly path that leads you to the knowledge of mankind, you will have a reaſonable conſolation, in obſerving the characters of men, and in feeding well, while your ſoul and body keep together, till you ſtart for another world, where you are ſure all earthly diſtinctions are levelled; taking care, however, never to perſuade yourſelf that you have a right to haſten your departure from this."

As the curate unfolded this new conception, I felt my heart dilate: the idea pleafed my fancy, and the project, which I could never have relifhed as the means of a livelihood, appeared pleafant as the choice of contemplative philofophy; neither reafon nor felf-love rofe in my heart againft it; and eager only to take a minute furvey of mankind, I yielded myfelf unrefervedly to the direction of my friend, who having fixed my determination, returned to Reading, whither I promifed to follow him as foon as I could fettle my little matters at Oxford, and take leave of the few perfons with whom I was acquainted. I had no intimacy which rendered it neceffary for me to account particularly for the change that

that had taken place in the plan which had been marked out for me; I therefore merely ſtated, that the death of a friend, and peculiar circumſtances, obliged me to quit the Univerſity, and relinquiſh altogether the purſuit of ſtudies no longer requiſite for my eſtabliſhment in a profeſſion. I ſold every thing that was uſeleſs to me in my new condition, and adding the ſum produced, to the remainder of my laſt receipt from Mrs. Waller, I found in my purſe, after paying all my debts, and purchaſing mourning, which I reſolved to wear for my benefactreſs, forty-three guineas and ſome ſhillings.

My portmanteau contained a tolerable wardrobe for a ſervant, a few

philoſophical volumes, and ſome melodies, which when I was fatigued with ſtudy, I had amuſed myſelf in compoſing; for, nature having gifted me with a remarkable good ear, I had firſt picked up a little practical muſic from the organiſt at Reading, and afterwards, without difficulty, made ſuch a progreſs in the ſcience at Oxford, that had it occurred to me as a means of ſupport, I might have hoped great ſucceſs. But though this natural talent had aſtoniſhed ſome of the beſt judges, and though my voice was highly praiſed, I was never induced to break through the rules I had laid down for reſiſting the allurements of company, nor did it now ſtrike me as a reſource.

In

In a few days I joined my friend the curate, at Reading. He paid me ſome compliments on my looks, but at the ſame time thought my mourning a needleſs refinement of ſentiment. I ſaid I was convinced of Mrs. Waller's goodneſs, and that it was entirely owing to the ſuddenneſs of her death that ſhe had not provided for me; it was therefore a tribute due to the memory of my benefactreſs. "The ſentiment, my dear fellow," ſaid he, "does you no diſcredit; for it is the reſult of your thinking like a generous young man entering into ſociety, where you would teſtify your reſpect and value for a woman who had been a mother to you; I only ſaid that it was needleſs: and when you recollect that

you have no other obſerver of your actions than myſelf, you may perhaps think ſo too. Black is as often choſen for decoration as for mourning. The real tribute of gratitude was paid in the unfeigned tears I ſaw you ſhed at Oxford: I obſerved it, and it was obſerved elſewhere; but as for this inky ſuit, good Edward, it will only be obſerved as improving your complexion." My ſentiments on this ſubject did not accord with the curate's; I was pleaſed with the bare conſciouſneſs that my exterior correſponded with my diſpoſition, and I thought it of little importance whether alone or in a crowd. I was not, however, inclined to debate the point, and I did not interrupt Mr. Scot, who proceeded to inform me of

of the ſteps he had taken in the promotion of my new plan.

“ I have a relation,” continued he, “ who has the ſmall vicarage of Holcomb in Devonſhire, not far from Exeter. Though his living is not a rich one, he is much eſteemed in that part of the country. The day I left you, I wrote him a letter concerning you, and mentioned the circumſtances of your hiſtory which I thought would intereſt him. His anſwer is kind, and he ſays he hopes to obtain a ſituation for you. The ſooner the better, and I adviſe you to ſet off immediately for Holcomb, as your finances, which can be but ſlender, will laſt longer in that cheap part of the kindom than in a neigh-

bourhood ſo near the metropolis; and if the vicar ſucceeds in placing you ſoon, you will ſave the more. Above all things begin early to learn to ſave, as the ſureſt means of arriving ultimately at a ſtate of independence."

In this the curate did not, like moſt adviſers, adviſe what he did not practiſe; he ſupported a wife and three children on a ſcanty ſtipend; but by the ſevereſt parſimony he managed always to be beforehand with trade in his obſervance of juſtice, and to have a little reſerve, on very urgent occaſions, for generoſity. He viewed my caſe in this light, and concluded with putting five guineas into my hand, to be added to

my

my little ſtock, whatever it might be. I was extremely ſtruck with this proof of benevolence, which in my mind counteracted all the invectives laviſhed on the world by this very man. The whole of my little experience was in favour of mankind: I had been taken up a helpleſs infant, nouriſhed and educated by the generoſity of a woman, who was only prevented from making a proviſion for me by an unexpected death; and when I was reduced to a ſtate that threatened abject miſery, a man ſtruggling himſelf with narrow circumſtances, ſtepped forth to comfort, adviſe, and give me money. It is true I had met with an inſtance of ſelfiſhneſs in the ſugar-bakers, Mrs. Waller's relations, but then I

confidered that I had actually been an intruder upon the family-property, and that it could not but have been a galling thing to them to fee a ftrange infant preferred by their fifter, to their own children. The fugar-bakers knew nothing of me or I of them, and I did not impute to them what I found hard in my lot.

Impreffed with efteem and gratitude, I thanked the curate as warmly as if he had made my fortune; and with the tears of affection in my eyes refufed his money, affuring him that I had no need of it. Of this I convinced him by producing my purfe and difplaying the contents of it before him. "My dear boy," faid he, on feeing my guineas, "this is a little

for-

fortune, and you muſt ſave as much of it as you poſſibly can. If you are fortunate enough to be placed ſoon, I adviſe you to conſult with the vicar of Holcomb, to put it out at intereſt, and by contriving to live entirely at the expence of your employers, by adding the intereſt, with your wages, to the principal, you will be aſtoniſhed at the rapid accumulation of your fund." I aſſured Mr. Scot that I would profit by his advice. He then gave me a letter for his relation, whoſe name was Whitaker, and accompanied me to the inn to take my chance of a place in one of the Bath ſtages. Finding a vacant ſeat, we took an affectionate leave of each other: at parting, the

curate took me by the hand, and, preffing it, faid; "I have but one thing more to fay to you—You are young, remember my dear Ned, that time becomes a mirror to the mind; take care that its reflection may never burden your confcience; a guilty confcience is the worm that never dies."

My trunk being now put into the boot, with my eyes fwimming in tears, I threw myfelf into the coach, which continued its progrefs weftward, and I was foon many miles from Reading. It was night, and my fellow paffengers, influenced by darknefs, or having exhaufted their refpective funds of talk, or perhaps having

having no reciprocal topics, travelled on in ſilence, which I, on my part, had no inclination to break.

My thoughts were abſorbed by the late events of my life, by the ſingular poſition in which I ſtood in the world, and by endeavouring to ſupport my reſolution with the anticipation of agreeable effects from my plan of contemplative philoſophy. In my reveries the recollection of my total ignorance of my parents and relations, would ſometimes occur, accompanied with a natural gloom, which I diſſipated by arguing that they who had been ſo unnatural as to deſert me, could not be worthy either of affection or regret. At

times,

times, when I confidered the elevated objects that charmed my mind, and the nature of my fentiments, I felt an inclination to believe myfelf defcended from perfons of no mean condition; but my underftanding was too juft to fuffer vanity to betray me into the indulgence of fuch a notion. Time is ever producing combinations of foul with body, which on the one hand degrade rank and fortune, and on the other ennoble indigence and obfcurity. The vigour of the mind is not the inheritance of rank, but the emanation of latent principles, and its expanfion and tafte are the refults of education. I turned from the thought, and far from dwelling on birth, bleffed God, that inftead of giving way

to

to the fenfibility that would lead me to bewail my fate, and fink into defpair, I had courage to adopt the philofophy recommended by the curate of Reading.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A May-Morning in a Stage Coach.—The best Support in Adversity.—Reflections at Bath.

IN spite of the lulling motion of the carriage, and the example of my companions, my senses, excited by the activity of my imagination, remained uninfluenced by the power of sleep; and the beautiful dawn of a May-morning, drew my attention from myself to one of the sublime pictures of nature.

The thick curtain with which her painting was enveloped, yielded to the approaching rays of the sun, gradually became transparent, and at length

length totally diſappeared. I ſat backwards in the coach, and next to a window whence I looked to the points of the eaſt and ſouth, as the road varied its direction. The mild tints caſt by the twilight over an undulating landſcape, aſſuming form and verdure as the light pencilled the unſhaped maſſes of darkneſs, excited in my mind pleaſing and tranquil ſenſations. The ſides of the hills were ſpotted with manſions, which though too diſtant to be examined by the eye, ſpoke to the imagination all the effects of the beauty and convenience attached to architecture. Here and there a fleecy fog, more or leſs rarified, hanging over the moiſter meadows, added a pleaſing object to the ſcene. It was a ſcene of calm repoſe, animal life was ſuſpended in

ſleep;

ſleep; all was motionleſs, but the vehicle in which I was carried along the ſide of a hill favourable to the proſpect I ſurveyed; all was quiet, but the feet of our horſes which clattered on the firm road the conſtant echoes of an even trot. For ſome time I continued to contemplate the country with placid ſatisfaction; the perturbation of the preceding day ſubſided into calm acquieſcence to the will of Providence; and my reſolution to baniſh pride and cheriſh philoſophy, ſtrengthened with my ſolitary reflections.

I was awakened from my philoſophical trance by the preſſure of my ſleeping neighbour, whoſe head and ſhoulders had lain a conſiderable while a dead weight upon my

back. I turned to relieve myſelf, and, without waking her, placed her in a ſtrait poſture; from which ſhe immediately declined to pillow her cheek on the plump arm of a fat man on the other ſide of her: my eyes were then detained in the coach by the ludicrous poſition of our travelling group. It was the firſt time I had travelled all night, and a ſcene which is perhaps one of the moſt common in life, as it is nightly repeated on a hundred different routes, in a hundred different carriages, at once amuſed and ſhocked me. Sleep has afforded the poet and the painter ſome charming images of

> Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
> Shoots forth peculiar graces—

but

but here to me it appeared deftitute of its natural diftinction; it wanted the character of repofe, which was loft in the funk neck and nodding head; an incongruity which at firft gave me an unpleafing fenfation, terminating however in the effect the poet fays muft be produced by pictures of a horfe's neck joined to the human head, of feathered limbs jumbled together from different beafts, of the buft of a beautiful woman edging off at the hips into the tail of a fifh.

Spectatum admiffi rifum teneatis, amici *?

Probably the difpofition to fmile was excited, or at leaft augmented, by the heterogeneous figures prefented

* Would you not laugh fuch pictures to behold?

to

to my ſight. An upright, luſty farmer, reſembling a pocket of wool, buttoned into a great coat, with a red maſk in a Welſh wig on the top of it, contraſted the ſlight curved ſpine of a tall youth in a blue ſurtout edged with ſcarlet, whoſe narrow head, enveloped in a fur cap, and ſwinging to the oſcillation of the coach, occaſionally ſtruck and bounded from the knees of the young lady by me. Next him ſat a thin old lady, whoſe body was kept erect by a pair of ſtiff ſtays, the edge of which aſſiſted her ſhoulders to ſupport a ſhrivelled viſage, dancing to the motion of the vehicle. On my ſide of the carriage a pretty girl reclined on the arm of a man, leſs bulky, and more ſhaped than his oppoſite

neighbour, but whose dimensions, had he been on the same side, would have completely filled the seat.

The sight of human beings thus packed in a machine, and hurried in a state of insensibility over a great part of the kingdom, made me shudder; till reflexion brought to my mind the great convenience and advantage gained by this expeditious mode of travelling, and the merit of bartering ease for time. This thought should also, perhaps, have veiled all the traits of ridicule which I observed in the persons and postures of my fellow-travellers; for, to a just mind it is only folly that is ridiculous, and if I forgive the risible emotion they created, it is only be-

caufe I was at an age when novelty is an apology for the miftakes of inexperience.

I did not fpend much time in looking at the fleeping group; the encreafing light drew my eyes again to the window to behold the fun rifing in all his majefty. This was no novel fcene to me, but it is one that never tires, one conftantly attended with the delight of novelty, with the wonder, the awe, the adoration of experience. What can equal in grandeur the darting of the rays from beneath the horizon, followed gradually, yet rapidly, by the refulgent orb that emits them!

His

His vivifying power was immediately acknowledged. Larks from various ſpots, aſcended in ſtrait lines, fluttering and ſinging as they roſe. The woods reſounded with a thouſand different notes. In one field a ſhepherd's boy was removing hurdles from the ſheep-fold to liberate his flock; in another a man was collecting milch-cows, that inſtinctively walked homewards, followed by a little girl. All was life and motion. My ſoul caught a glow from the pure ſcene, and to the inſtinctive hymn of the birds,

That vocal up to Heaven's gate aſcending
Bore on their wings and in their notes his praiſe,

I added the conſcious adoration of reaſon,

reaſon, in the words of our firſt parents:

Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above the Heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

The obſcurity of my birth and the dependence of my ſtate had given an early bias to my mind, and led me to ſeek a parent in imagination in the firſt cauſe of my being; for my education had not ſuffered me to be indifferent to a relation of ſo important a nature: and, though I was ſeveral years older before my mind was fully fixed on religious ſubjects,

 I can

I can boldly ſay that a conſciouſneſs of the Deity being the ſupreme ſpring of my exiſtence has afforded me the moſt exquiſite reflections of my life. Young as I was at the death of my benefactreſs, it ſolaced the gloom of misfortune, and it has ſupported me ſince in trials which I ſhould have ill ſuſtained without it. Nor ſhall I be leſs candid in confeſſing that I have often felt acutely from finding myſelf unworthy of the great and adorable ſource of being, to the ſacred impreſſion of whoſe preſence I owe the moſt valuable ſtores of my memory.

Yes! like thoſe of other men, my heart was the ſoil of the paſſions, but nipped, as it were, by fortune and by

by ſtudy, I had time, before they were called forth by the world, to inveſtigate the nature of them, and to ſecure that impreſſion, which, if ſtrongly made, muſt always prove their moſt powerful corrective. From the want of it the ſenſes are ever at war with reaſon; wealth is guided by imagination, and ignorance is not reſtrained by poverty. Ye fortunate few, whom neceſſity like mine or the wiſdom of parental care has early led to commune with the ſky, be ſenſible of the bleſſing, cheriſh the prerogative which, whether in adverſity or proſperity, is the moſt valuable of your being!

Having continued for ſome time loſt in admiration at the ſcene before

me, I ſuddenly found it ſhut out by the winding of the road, which now hedged the carriage on either ſide; I ſunk back in my ſeat, and ſhutting my eyes, fell again into a reverie on my ſituation, from which I was rouſed by the ſame cauſe that rouſed my companions from ſleep, the ſtopping of the coach to change horſes. We interchanged the common civilities, and agreed to alight and breakfaſt. Neither daylight nor eating looſened the tongues of the travellers, whoſe converſation was rounded by remarks on the fineneſs of the morning, and praiſes of the toaſt and butter.

Nor was the progreſs of the journey more brilliant; for after a gene-

ral

ral expreffion of wonder at the bulk, form, and rubicund vifage of the huge farmer whom we dropped at the laft ftage, each funk into meditation, or at leaft into filence. I was as much inclined to taciturnity as my fellow-travellers, and fatigue overpowering me, I gave them, in my turn, an opportunity of diverting themfelves with my reftlefs flumber. Whether they took their revenge or not I do not know, I opened my eyes as we entered Bath, and a few minutes after, we parted to meet no more.

In this celebrated city curiofity detained me two days: I found much pleafure in furveying the town and the vale on either fide of it, but

the ſurvey once taken I felt no inclination to repeat it. Not becauſe I could have found no new objects; but a ſenſation aroſe in my heart, as I ſat in the pump-room, that baniſhed from it all delight in ſtructures and deſigns reſulting from the ingenuity of man; *magna civitas, magna ſolitudo.* Amidſt a concourſe of my fellow-creatures I was a ſolitary being. Mixed groups of both ſexes were continually coming in and going out. They walked arm in arm, they talked and interchanged their ſmiles, they accoſted and were accoſted; the ſocial reverberations of the heart awakened pleaſure and gave a zeſt to exiſtence, which is not only infinitely ſuperior to all the enjoyment that can be derived from

inani-

inanimate ſources, but neceſſary to render it either vivid or permanent. To me this neceſſary ingredient was wanting; in the ſmiling throng around me no heart was reſponſive to mine; amidſt beings of the ſame ſpecies I was a ſolitary creature. To not a man or woman about me could I impart the ſatisfaction I had received in viewing the place they inhabited: no one cared what my ſatisfaction had been, and to no one was my ſentiment or ſmile of the ſlighteſt importance. A ſchool-boy at Reading, I had mixed with boys in the enjoyment of juvenile ſports, whence had ſprung that kind of regard which gratified for the time, but which an early ſeparation, diverſity of connexion,

 and

and change of purfuits foon obliterated. At Oxford the fenfe of my fituation reftrained me from forming intimacies, but in the courfe of my ftudies I mixed with other ftudents who were not unwilling to liften to my remarks, and to whofe communications I was not indifferent. I had confequently never been fenfible of a void in my heart: but now Reading and juvenile fports had been long removed from it; Oxford, ftudy, and fellow ftudents no longer filled it: I was at Bath, where not one fmile of the joyous faces that furrounded me was for me; where not a look fought my regard. How painful was the void! how well do I remember it!

I returned to my inn, difcharged my bill, and purfued my journey. Alas! thought I, as the coach left the city, I have no reafon to complain of Bath; my feeling there is but one of the inevitable, unhappy refults of civilized fociety. The doors of huts fcattered over fome remote, undiftinguifhed fpot, would all fly open to fhelter from a fhower him, who, if he were diftant from a gateway, would get well foaked at Bath. In the one place he would find refrefhment from hofpitality, in the other he would ftarve from civilization.

Yet if I had no reafon to complain, I had not the lefs caufe to lament that form had fhut up the

hearts of mankind, and that although there was ample place in my own I could find none to take it. I ſurveyed in mind the whole world, and found myſelf moving on the ſurface of it a deſerted creature, deprived of the ties of nature, excluded from friendſhip, unknown, unconnected with my own ſpecies. My heart beat violently, my boſom ſwelled, and forgetting that I was obſerved, I exclaimed, "Great God! I am alone!" and burſt into tears.

For ſome time I indulged the emotion, and continued weeping, till gradually falling into a train of thought to which my ſingular poſition and my ſtudies had given my mind a bias, I again felt an elation

of

of ſpirit in looking up to the divine ſource of my being. "Yes! eternal Fountain of life and love! in thee ſhall I ever find a parent and a friend. O make me worthy of thy preſence and I ſhall never be alone!" Addreſſing, in enthuſiaſtic ſilence, this apoſtrophe to the Creator and Ruler of the univerſe, I continued, my hat concealing the greater part of my face, to recline in the corner of the coach, forming reſolutions for my conduct in life.

CHAP. III.

Morland's Reception at Holcomb.—Precept and Example.

NOTHING occurred on my journey worthy of remembrance. Time was, if we may credit the wits of former days, when ſtage-coaches teemed with adventures; with fun and with frolic: jeſts, ſongs, and love, ſprung ſpontaneouſly on the high-road. Travellers muſt certainly have been merrier and more amorous in thoſe days than in ours. In the preſent age, whatever pranks Momus and Cupid play elſewhere, they are no longer the deities of ſtage-

ſtage-coaches, where the generality of travellers ſhut their hearts with the door, and retire within themſelves to meditation, vacuity, or ſleep.

I arrived at Exeter too late to proceed to Holcomb the ſame day, I therefore engaged a bed at the inn where I alighted, but roſe early next morning to prepare for my interview with the vicar of Holcomb, and, putting on my mourning ſuit, enquired the way, and ſet out on foot for the vicarage, which was but a few miles from the city.

Mr. Whitaker received me kindly, but my philoſophy had not yet ſo fully operated on my heart as to prevent my feeling ſomething humiliating

liating in his kindneſs. "Poor fellow!" ſaid he, "I will do what I can for you. I know of no vacant place at preſent, but it will be very unlucky indeed if I don't hear of an inſolent valet being diſcharged from ſome good family in this neighbourhood, in the courſe of a month or two; in which caſe I have no doubt of your being well received on my recommendation, after which you will have to depend entirely upon your own conduct and the character you eſtabliſh. In the mean time, Morland, endeavour to get rid of a little of the eaſe of your addreſs and manner."

"Were they," cried I, as my blood mounted to my face, "deficient

cient in reſpect ?"—" I muſt be plain with you, my good lad, for your own ſake," replied the vicar ; " your bow was a mere inclination of your head and ſhoulders from the left to the right: in your attitude the weight of your body is thrown on one leg ; the outlines of your perſon form gentle curves, and your hat is pendulous between a thumb and finger, which hardly deign to preſs the brim ſufficiently tight to prevent its falling to the ground. You would never get hired if you preſented yourſelf in this way. A footman bows ſtraight forward, ſtands upon both legs, erect, and graſps the brim of his hat, which he holds ſteadily cloſe to his thigh. You underſtand me, I dare ſay, and will agree, that

a man ought to be whatever he undertakes."

Whatever eafe there might have been in my manner, this harangue of the vicar's completely difcarded it. I blufhed ftill deeper than before. I changed my pofition as chance directed; and fcarcely knew whether I ftood on my head or my heels.

"I don't mean to hurt you, my boy," continued Mr. Whitaker, obferving my confufion, "for I affure you I am very much interefted by the account Scot has given me of you, and what I fay is entirely the refult of my good-will towards you." This I believed to be the truth, and it was fpoken in time to prevent my forfeit-

forfeiting his kindneſs by a haſty declaration ſuggeſted by an honeſt pride. I was going to ſay that he had made me ſenſible I ſhould never ſuit any place he could obtain for me; but his remark, accompanied with a good natured look, reſtrained my tongue, and I ſtammered out a different ſentence expreſſive of my ſenſe of his kindneſs.

"Be aſſured," ſaid he, "that true philoſophy conſiſts in adapting ourſelves to our ſituation in life, and in ſecuring happineſs to the mind, by rendering it independent of all externals." "*Can* the mind be rendered independent of externals, ſir, or was it ever intended by its Creator that it ſhould?"

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

The vicar looked at me as if he meant to lecture me likewiſe on the language appropriate to my condition; but if that were his firſt thought he dropped it, and vouchſafed to anſwer my queſtion philoſophically. "Modern times exhibit comparatively but few examples of ſtoiciſm, yet modern times can afford many inſtances of great ſouls that have the complete command of their emotions and paſſions, that place happineſs in the conſciouſneſs of rectitude and native dignity, that conſider fortuitous gratifications as beneath wiſdom, bear the injuſtice of fortune with indifference, defy the attacks of malice, and diſregard the ſlights of caſual ſuperiority; men, who envelope themſelves in the

cover-

covering of their actual condition in life, to look with pity on the agitated multitude, and pass with unruffled spirits through all the buffets of a stormy world. Without this what are we? The sport of the whims and insolence of others, and the victim of our own fancy. Certainly the mind *can* be rendered independent of externals; certainly it *was* intended by its Creator that it should. Are we not expressly directed to cast off the things of this world? Did not one philosopher desire the conqueror of the world, to stand from betwixt him and the sun, and did not another in a state of slavery, calmly warn his tyrant that he would break his leg, and bore the fracture unruffled? In short, my boy, we

we muſt be philoſophers poſſeſſing inward independent happineſs, or we muſt mingle with the herd, and eat our bread in bitterneſs. I thank God I am myſelf a living teſtimony of a mind independent of externals. My vicarage though ſmall, yields me a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and I neither dream of lawn, nor ape the venerable graces of the mitre. I am only a country clergyman, yet nothing can diſturb my happineſs, nothing ruffle the ſerenity of my mind; and if I were in the condition of a domeſtic to-morrow, it ſhould be the ſame thing."

I liſtened attentively to this diſcourſe; I thought it a mixture of good ſenſe and learning, and I bow-

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ed implicitly to the worthy vicar's underſtanding, experience, and virtue. "Sir," ſaid I, "I am convinced that moſt of the evils of life are the offspring of perverted imagination: men affix ideal importance to inſignificant things and circumſtances, and are regardleſs of thoſe that poſſeſs intrinſic value. Your converſation ſhall not be loſt upon me; indeed my unexpected calamity in the death of my benefactreſs, and my previous ſituation have prepared my mind to turn the ſound principles of philoſophy to advantage. How to comfort myſelf in my new ſtation, and to reconcile myſelf with patience to the unaccountable events of life, has occupied my thoughts throughout my journey, and though my firſt

firſt attempts at a character to which I am unaccuſtomed may be awkward, I am reſolved to ſubmit to the will of Providence, and to the endeavour to form my mind to enjoyment of thoſe objects that rank far above outward appearances."

"You ſpeak very ſenſibly," replied the vicar—"above all things attend to your temper, gain an abſolute command over it, and let what will happen, never ſuffer it to be ruffled. If a wiſe man ſtruggles againſt oppreſſion, he does it calmly; and the beſt puniſhment of an inſult is not to feel it. Without this command of ourſelves we muſt be perpetually at the mercy of others."

I was acknowledging the juſtneſs of Mr. Whitaker's philoſophy, and thanking him for his advice, when a lad in a livery of purple or pompadour cloth, trimmed with a rich woollen lace, entered the room with a ſolemn face and gave a letter to his maſter, who, caſting his eye on the ſuperſcription and ſeal, aſked if ſir Nicholas's ſervant waited. "No ſir," ſaid the lad, "he left it in his way to Exeter, ſaid he was in a hurry, and that there was no anſwer required."—"Very well," ſaid the vicar, "I ſhall perhaps be at Broke-Hall ſooner than he is expected back. The chaiſe clean?"—"Yes, ſir."—"And the bay mare up?"—Yes, ſir."—"Give her her corn in about

about half an hour, and fee that the harnefs is nice, and every thing in order."

The boy being gone the vicar turned to me and obferved that this day might decide my fortune. "This letter" faid he, "is from fir Nicholas Broke, a man poffeffed of immenfe wealth, part of which confifts of large eftates, fome in this part of Devonfhire, and others in Suffolk. He has befides money laid out on mortgages, and money in the funds; there are few richer commoners in the kingdom. I am very familiar at Broke-Hall; I may fay, in a manner at home. We are upon an intimate footing. I think my lady's man is

lofing

loſing favour, and his place would juſt be the thing for you. I'll not forget you, Morland, be aſſured."

Saying this, Mr. Whitaker careleſsly broke the ſeal of the letter he held in his hand; but he had no ſooner looked at the contents than his blood flew into his face, his eyes flaſhed fire, and his lips quivered. He bit them again and again, and endeavoured to ſuppreſs his emotions, but in vain; after two or three ſtrides acroſs the room, he broke out into the moſt violent reprobation of the baronet. "Fool! fool! ſenſeleſs, arrogant, ſtupid brute!"

Here he pauſed; but whether from want of apt words to ſuit his rage,

or from being diſabled to utter them by the choaking of his voice, ere it came to the direction of his tongue, I know not. He ſtood motionleſs for ſome time, his countenance alone violently agitated. The convulſive muſcles of the eyebrows, cheeks, and lips, indicated the tempeſt in his mind, which pent within for want of expreſſion, ſeemed to threaten deſtruction to his frame; and I ſtood looking at him in amazement, expecting every moment to ſee him fall into a fit, from which I am confident he was ſaved by my calmly aſking him of whom he ſpoke. My queſtion brought his wandering ideas to a point, and letting looſe his tongue, aided the impeded circulation of the blood.

" Of the moſt arrogant upſtart," ſaid he, " that ever fortune daubed with lace; of a low-lived, illiterate, conceited ſcoundrel; a fellow that knows nothing of life or manners, who is mean enough to aſſociate with low people, and inſufferably proud when in company with perſons of diſtinction. The hound, after riding cheek-by-jowl all the morning at a chace with any dirty blackleg, will ſit with him, hail-fellow-well-met, and talk over a bottle all night of ribaldry and fox hunting: but if a lord comes to his houſe, he ſuddenly, forſooth, turns choice, and not only excludes his chace companions, but forgets what is due to a real gentleman. Forgets! the blockhead never knew. He never was a

gentleman himſelf—his fortune was accidental, his title was purchaſed; nay, his very name I am well aſſured is not B,r,o,k,e, but B,r, double o,k; which he readily miſpelled when the late baronet, whoſe ſon was drowned, was ſeeking among his diſtant relations for one whom he might adopt as his heir, nor is the wretch altogether clear from ſuſpicion of having come foully into the fortune."

Here the vicar ſubjoined every ſcurrilous epithet that paſſion ſuggeſted to his memory, and concluded his invective with reading the baronet's note aloud, accompanied by a contemptuous laugh, in which he was not actor enough to conceal that pique and reſentment

predominated. The note was ſhort, and merely ſtated that ſir Nicholas could not have the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Whitaker that day at Broke-Hall, as the duke of M. had unexpectedly arrived the day before, and was not to depart till the day after.

" A duke!" continued the vicar, " a duke! He ſhall know that the vicar of Holcomb, is company for any man that enters his doors.—All ignorance—the fellow has not learned, and never will learn, that though rank and title ſerve to diſtinguiſh families and give precedence in ceremony, the extenſive dignity of gentleman, conferred by education and manners, renders all who have

a right

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a right to it, fit companions for one another. You sha'n't go into this family, Morland. No consideration will ever be shown for your feelings. Though reduced to servitude by untoward fortune, you have imbibed a spirit which must daily and hourly be wounded and irritated by the indelicacy and coarseness of this brute. I have another family in my eye, of a very different cast: and now I recollect, it was but the other day they were enquiring for a young man. They live a few miles on the other side of Exeter. I'll give you a letter this moment."

Saying this, the vicar pulled his writing-table to him, but with such a jerk, that, running upon castors, it flew

flew beyond him with a rapidity equal to the impetuous power that communicated its motion, and he had to ſtop it with his oppoſite hand; which he did, accompanied by a vehement expreſſion that ſurprized me not a little. "Damn the table," exclaimed he, "I wonder what the devil they put caſtors to it for." He then threw himſelf into his eaſy chair, which being light and provided with ſimilar rotatory bodies, was inſtantly ſet a going by the force with which he flung his whole weight into it. He caught at the table, and that being, as we have ſeen, equally well contrived for motion, and the lighter body, inſtead of ſtopping, followed the other, and in this manner the table, chair, and vicar were whirled

a yard or two along the floor by the ſame inviſible impetus that had previouſly thrown the blood into his face, and agitated the muſcles of his countenance. "See! ſee! ſee!" cried he, "was there ever any thing like this? Why the devil's got into every thing. I'll ſend this inſtant for the carpenter to come and ſaw off theſe confounded machines. Ring the bell, do."

I did not immediately obey, not imagining that he meant what he ſaid. "Why don't you ring the bell, ſir?" ſaid he, loudly, and looking ſternly at me. "I think, ſir"—"Think! Zounds what buſineſs have you to think? Oh! I ſee very plainly that you will never do for a footman." I

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immediately touched the bell; perhaps a little more ſtrongly from this remark; and unfortunately I was not aware of the quick and continued vibration that even a ſlight pull produced, ſo that I was myſelf ſurprized at the violent ringing I cauſed. "So you are in a paſſion?" exclaimed the vicar. I aſſured him I was not, but ignorant with what eaſe the bell rang. "And pray," continued he, "what are you laughing at?" I never was more aſtoniſhed than at this queſtion, for I was not conſcious even of a ſmile. "Laughing, ſir?" ſaid I. "Do you echo my words?" cried he. "Indeed, young man, you muſt learn to behave better before I can venture to recommend you."

Here the purple-liveried youth who had made his appearance before, came in. "What do you want?" ſaid his maſter, whoſe anger had already eraſed his intention from his memory. "You rang the bell, ſir."—"Oh! true," ſaid the vicar, endeavouring to recollect himſelf, "I ſhall not go out to-day, you may turn the mare into the field again."

The entrance of the boy having once more broken the courſe of Mr. Whitaker's anger, it did not return immediately into its channel. He had, while venting his paſſion ſucceſſively on the caſtors and on me, unconſciouſly ſhoved the table and chair into their uſual place, and when the ſervant opened the door, he

he had involuntarily taken a pen out of his inkſtand to conceal his emotion, which he now began to be aſhamed of, but could not ſuddenly expel from his mind. He remained for ſome minutes ſullenly ſilent, his countenance reſembling the concluſion of a ſtorm, when the wind is abated but the clouds continue to lower. He then roſe and without opening his lips, quitted the room; leaving me aſtoniſhed, and at a loſs what to do.

I was not, however, left long in this ſtate, for I had ſcarcely begun to reflect on the extravagant and inconſiſtent effects of anger, when the lad whoſe preſence had reſtrained it, brought me a meſſage from his maſ-

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ter, defiring me to call again the next day about the fame hour. His vifage no longer bore the marks of premature gravity; his brows were unbended, and an arch grin difplayed his teeth. Coming up to me, he nodded his head back toward the door, and with a wink afked me what I had been doing to his reverence, to put him in fuch a taking.

"I heard him," faid he, "and juft now when he bade me tell you come to-morrow, he looked all one as pale as afhes." I afked him if his mafter was often in fuch a taking. "Yes, zhure," replied he, "whenfoever ought goes contrary to his will he pats himfelf in a waundy ftrout; yet he be a main good-

hearted

hearted ſoul for all that, and always twice as good natured as before, when he have been croſs. Sukey and me never cares for his paſſions, caze we knows how good he be afterwards. Gin ſo be as you have a favour to aſk, you maun take this for a lucky bodement, and come your ways over to the vicarage in time to-morrow."

I thanked the boy for his friendly information, and was inclined to queſtion him concerning the Broke family, as well as to make ſome enquiries reſpecting that on the other ſide of Exeter, to whom his maſter was going to write a letter for me, when the impertinent caſtors interfered and fruſtrated the hopes he had raiſed: but I was afraid of affording

fording electrical matter for burfting fome unexhaufted cloud, therefore, left the good vicar fhould fufpect me of talking of him with his fervant, I only faid that I would attend to his advice; and immediately leaving the vicarage I returned to Exeter, meditating on the various effects of the moft tremendous of the paffions, and particularly in fuch a character as Mr. Whitaker's, in which neither the conviction of the intellect, nor the benevolence of the heart were fufficient to reftrain it within bounds; and in which the tempeft of rage was fure to be fucceeded by the perturbed calm of humility. "This," fays the moralift, "is the round of a paffionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which

which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to difcharge at the return of reafon. He fpends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation."

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem facerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triftes ut iræ.

HOR.

Yet O! remember, not the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus* from his inmoft fhrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her priefts poffeft,
Can with their founding cymbals fhake the breaft,
Like furious anger.

FRANCIS.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Condeſcenſion of Shame.—Vexatious Reſults from a trivial Cauſe.

THE hint given by the vicar's boy was not loſt upon me; I repaired early the next morning to Holcomb, and was fortunate enough to catch my patron at home, juſt as he had breakfaſted. I immediately perceived the truth of the information the youth had given me. The vicar's countenance was placid, and he received me with a kindneſs that bordered on obſequiouſneſs. He aſked me to ſit down, which he had not done the day before, and when he

he obſerved that I continued ſtanding, he ſtood likewiſe. He was all mildneſs: the oath that had polluted his lips was foreign to his heart: neither the table nor chair had been robbed of its caſtors; and even the baronet and his duke ſeemed to be forgotten. He took no notice, however, of the ſcene that had paſſed, nor did he give me another lecture on philoſophy or temper, but proceeded immediately to the object in view.

"Morland," ſaid he, "I really feel anxious to be of uſe to you, and I am glad I thought of the Joneses. Mr. Jones has an excellent heart and amiable manners, his wife and children are delightful, and his fortune

is

is ample. If you get eſtabliſhed in that family I ſhall think you lucky. I wrote a letter before breakfaſt: here it is," ſaid he, taking it out of the table-drawer. "I have ſpoken of you in terms that cannot fail of ſucceſs, but I have not mentioned your education or your misfortune, leſt it ſhould rather operate againſt your being engaged; and I adviſe you to keep them a profound ſecret, for be aſſured, that no man likes to be waited upon by one who has any pretenſions to equality, and were it known that you had ſtudied as a gentleman at Oxford, you would never get a place. Take care, therefore, how you commit yourſelf."

I aſſured Mr. Whitaker that I was ſenſible of the wiſdom of this advice, and would follow it; that his relation, Mr. Scot, in teaching me to yield to the inflexible ordinance of neceſſity, had alſo kindly inſtructed me how to ſoften its rigour by combining the ſtudy of mankind with the humble duties of the ſtation to which I had fallen; and that my diſagreeable reflections on the one ſide, were compenſated by the gratifications that preſented themſelves to me on the other. I then thanked him for the kind concern he took in my welfare, and, putting the letter which he had given me into my pocket, I bade him good day. He deſired that I would acquaint him with the reſult of the application to Mr.

Mr. Jones, and that I would not forget, whenever I was placed, to call occaſionally and let him know how I went on. Walking by my ſide to the parlour door, he patted my ſhoulder as I opened it, and ſaid, "God bleſs you!" The expreſſion, and the manner of delivering it, brought a tear to my eye. I bowed in ſilence, withdrew, and ſhut the door after me.

The vicar's *God bleſs you* was the dictate of his natural benevolence; but his manner was the reſult of conſcious miſconduct, the reparation of which produced unuſual condeſcenſion. I could not but feel for this man, becauſe he evidently condemned what was wrong in himſelf,

and

and nothing ſo completely diſarms judgment of its ſeverity, as ſincere ſelf-condemnation; but I wondered, at the ſame time, how a man, thus open to his own conviction, ſhould yet continue ſo unguarded as to be overcome by the attacks of paſſion, and tranſported by them to a degree that obliterated every idea not only of virtue, but of common propriety. I here commenced my ſtudy of man, and I found it more difficult than I taught myſelf to believe. To ſee character and its effects requires but experience and common obſervation; but to explain the nature and cauſes of character, to account for the inconſiſtencies of the ſame mind, and to trace actions to adequate motives, is a taſk not eaſily performed. I

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generally found myſelf unequal to it, particularly at this period of my life, and though, as I advanced, I ventured to minute lucubrations, which I thought well grounded, yet I muſt own that I have been moſt frequently obliged to give up the point, and to refer what I could not ſettle, to the influence of conſtitution acting without the control of reaſon; from which partly ariſes the variety of character to be found in the human race, for if it were to be marked by reaſon, it would of courſe be more uniform. That both the anger and the condeſcenſion of the vicar of Holcomb were conſtitutional, I have long ceaſed to doubt. He was not deficient in intellectual powers, but theſe were applied to the bare act

of

of reaſoning, not to enforce a practical ſubmiſſion to the edicts of reaſon; to inveſtigate the right, not to purſue it; to detail the pride, not live by the rules of philoſophy.

With Mr. Whitaker's letter in my pocket I proceeded towards Exeter, the appearance of which broke the train of thought to which the ſcenes I witneſſed at Holcomb had given birth, and my recommendation to Mr. Jones coming into my mind, I recollected that the vicar had not told me where he lived. The morning before, he had only ſaid that he lived a few miles on the other ſide of Exeter, but not a word of the place when he gave me the letter; an omiſ-

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omiſſion no doubt owing to the ſtate of his mind, divided as it was between the diſguiſed remembrance of folly and viſible repentance. I concluded, however, that there was a full direction on the letter, which my own feelings at the time I received it prevented my attending to. A doubt ſo eaſily removed was ſoon converted into certainty. I took the letter out of my pocket, and found the place of Mr. Jones's reſidence likewiſe omitted in the ſuperſcription: it was ſimply, John Jones, Eſq. Trivial as this appeared to be, it was vexatious: I had already walked ſix miles, which I was not inclined to double, as I had alſo to go through the town and ſome miles beyond it. I ſtopped, debating whether

ther to return to Holcomb, or truſt to receiving intelligence at my inn, and I decided on the latter, not doubting that it would be very eaſy for me to find the way to Mr. Jones's ſeat.

When I arrived at the inn, the landlord being gone out I applied to my landlady, who without heſitation directed me to the road towards Pinhoe, on which ſhe told me the houſe I was in queſt of ſtood, about three miles from the city. I loſt no time, and though I paſſed firſt through a heavy road of red loam, and by the ſide of a long dead wall, was ſoon at Mr. Jones's gate, where, on ringing, I was ſaluted with the tremendous barking of a couple of fierce maſtiffs,

 that,

that, on my entering the outer gate, appeared on either ſide of the coach-way, and were only prevented from tearing me to pieces by the maſſy irons that chained them to their ſeparate houſes, and reſtrained their efforts to fly at me. The man that opened the gate looked almoſt as ſavage as the wild beaſts I had to paſs, when he aſked me what I wanted.

This ſalutation damped the feelings which were excited by the pleaſing account Mr. Whitaker had given me of Mr. Jones and his family, and I proceeded with awe round the houſe to the offices, as directed by the porter, on my informing him that I had a letter for his maſter. Turning by the corner of the man-

ſion,

ſion, I ſaw a man cleaning harneſs at the ſtable door, and going up to him aſked if I could ſee Mr. Jones. "You muſt go to the kitchen and ax," ſaid he, "I am coachman." As he kept his eye fixed on his harneſs, and whiſtled as he worked, I had no encouragement to put any other queſtion, not even which was the kitchen, whither chance directed my ſteps.

The cook, whom I found preparing materials for the fire, deſired me to go up ſtairs, where I ſhould find ſomebody.

At the head of the kitchen-ſtairs I met a chamber-maid, who would

have taken no more notice of me than of a cat, if I had not afked her if fhe would carry a letter to her mafter for me, to which fhe replied that it was not her place, and that I muft fpeak to one of the footmen. "Where are they?" faid I; but the enquiry was fruitlefs, for the chamber-maid, who had never flackened her pace, was out of hearing in a trice.

A footman happening to crofs the hall, at that moment, with a tray in his hand, I afked him, as he advanced to the ftairs, to deliver a letter for me to Mr. Jones; on which he defired me to ftep into the right hand parlour, faying, he would come to me

as

as ſoon as he had ſet down the tray. I thanked him, and again doubting much whether the maſter of the people who had fallen in my way would anſwer the partial deſcription of the vicar, I croſſed the hall, and, without reflecting to whoſe perſon the man's direction referred, opened the door of the parlour on my own right-hand, and walked in.

Never ſhall I forget my aſtoniſhment on finding myſelf in the midſt of the family, who had juſt been taking their forenoon's repaſt. I knew not whether to retire or remain, till obſerving an encouraging look in the whole party, I ventured to ſhut the door. I held my hat faſt in my

hand, and remembering the vicar's lecture on bowing, I made what I thought an awkward kind of a bow. Had it possessed all the grace of Apollo, it could not have produced a more instantaneous effect: the family not less surprised than myself, and taking me for a gentleman—I had on my mourning-suit—all rose, and returned my obeisance. Confounded by the respect paid me by persons to whom I came recommended as a servant, I was frightened at the idea of producing my recommendation; and I verily believe if I could have invented any plea for my intrusion, that I should have descended to a falsehood to relieve the oppression I felt at the moment: but truth

truth ſerved the purpoſe better, by preſenting me a ſcene I ſhould have loſt had I departed unknown.

A rapid ſurvey of the countenances of the Joneses convinced me that the vicar's partiality had carried him a great length in his character of them: not a face in the group but was diſtinguiſhed by traits of ſourneſs; and indeed the children would have greatly belied their parents had this not been the caſe. The repetition of Mr. Jones's bow ſeeming to aſk the nature of my viſit, I collected all my courage to ſtand the reſult of my confeſſion, and, before I gave the vicar's letter, I endeavoured to ſoften the impreſſion of its contents, by making the beſt excuſe I

could for my abrupt appearance. "Sir," ſaid I, "I bluſh for the miſtake I have occaſioned—" "—Pray make no apology, ſir;" cried Mrs. Jones with a ſmirking air—"won't you take a ſeat?" This miſplaced civility was like a clap of thunder on my ears. I could have ſunk into the floor—I wiſhed my mourning-ſuit at Jericho. "Madam," ſaid I, "I am more and more confounded by your condeſcenſion, and ſcarcely now can bring myſelf to tell you that I come—recommended to you as a ſervant."

The electric fluid itſelf is not more rapid in communication than the fire of low pride. The change of countenance was inſtantaneous through

through the whole circle. Mrs. Jones plumped herſelf down on her ſeat, the elder daughters followed their mamma's example, whiſpering and giggling; a younger daughter, about fourteen, ſtooped, as if to pick up ſomething off the carpet, and, in riſing, ſlid herſelf on her chair as if aſhamed that ſhe had quitted it; and the father, knitting his brows, continued ſurveying me from head to foot, while I ſtrove to extricate myſelf from my embarraſſment as well as I could; and I thought the beſt way was to preſent Mr. Whitaker's letter at once. Before I could get it out of my pocket, however, Mr. Jones vociferated; " Upon my word, ſir, your preſuming to

thruſt yourſelf into the room is no great recommendation." I declared it was accidental. "It can't be," ſaid Mrs. Jones, "there are people enough about the houſe. My dear Mr. Jones, this fellow is an impoſtor; he neither looks nor ſpeaks like a ſervant." I appealed to the letter, which I now gave to Mr. Jones, to remove the lady's ſuſpicion of impoſture, but far from having that effect, it ſerved only to confirm it.

The gentleman having jerked the letter out of my hand as I preſented it, and read the direction, paſſed it unopened to his lady, eyeing me at the ſame time. "I would open it, if

if I was you, my dear;" ſaid ſhe, giving him back the letter. "Oh no!" cried he, "by no means, I could not anſwer doing that."—"I would commit him then," replied ſhe, "for depend upon it, there's ſomething we don't underſtand at the bottom of this."—"Young man," ſaid the magiſtrate, "you muſt give a good account of yourſelf, or I ſhall ſend you to priſon. Who is this letter from?" I replied, from Mr. Whitaker. "What Mr. Whitaker?" I ſaid, the vicar of Holcomb. "Very well! I know him: I ſee him ſometimes at the ſeſſions and meetings. Now, for whom is this letter?"—"That, ſir," ſaid I, "the direction will ſhow: I

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presumed it was for you."—"Yes, I find," cried he, "that you are a very presuming fellow." At this Mrs. Jones and the young ladies laughed heartily, conceiving it to be wit. After several renewed bursts of ha! ha! they composed their features into their usual state of solemn ugliness, and Mr. Jones proceeded thus: Now, sir, this letter is not for me; and coupling this circumstance with the odd and suspicious way in which you have stolen into my house, I am fully warranted to take you for a thief till you prove yourself not to be one."

This language, so ill suited to raise respect, roused in me all the feelings with which the sense of honour

nour inſpires a gentleman. I was no longer abaſhed; but, frowning in my turn, ſaid, I was ſorry to find any portion of the adminiſtration of juſtice confided in one capable of ſo illiberal and immoral a ſentiment; that the maxim of reaſon and of religion was to believe men innocent till they were proved to be guilty; nay, though he ſeemed not to know it, it was the maxim of the law. Mr. Jones ſurveyed me with mixed indignation and ſurpriſe, and, without ſaying a word opened the door of an inner room, and went in. As he left the door open, I heard him, though not diſtinctly, talking with another perſon; but the words, *he is ſome attorney's clerk*, caught my ear; and a minute after, a man com-

ing

ing to the door, desired me to walk that way. I went forward with a firm step, and shut the door after me, but it was soon gently opened on the other side, and left a little a-jar.

"You talk mighty fine, young man," said Mr. Jones, who was sitting at a desk-table, "but notwithstanding what you said there about reason and religion, it is a very different thing as to law, and you my find it so to your cost. Howsomever, I have consulted Mr. Jonathan here, and I find that though you may be a thief, you may likewise not be a thief. Now this letter is directed to a gentleman who lives on the other side of Exeter, as I suppose; for there may be a hundred John

Joneses:

Jonefes: but, in the fpirit of the laws of this land to give you a fair chance of efcaping, I fhall fend it over to him along with you; and if you really be what you fay, and this letter is written by the vicar of Holcomb, you may go about your bufinefs; if not, you will be taken to the houfe of correction. Mr. Jonathan, here is the letter, you will drive him over to Affington in your gig, and I fhall order Thomas to ride behind you for greater fafety. See Mr. John Jones yourfelf, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

This was a moft unexpected adventure. At firft I was not much inclined to fubmit to the coercive

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meaſure propoſed by this magiſtrate, but recollecting the determination I had repeatedly made, to preſerve an even mind in the trials to which my ſingular fate had doomed me, I ſmiled and was ſilent, certain of being protected by the Jones of Affington, and happy to be quit of the Jones of Pinhoe.

CHAP. V.

The Danger of Delay.

THE gig was ſoon ready, and I was not at all ſorry to take a place in it. Mr. Jonathan drove, Thomas rode after us, and the whelps of Cerberus were leſs ferocious as we paſſed them.

I endeavoured to enter into converſation on the way with Mr. Jonathan, but I found him cloſe and guarded, for which, however, I made proper allowance, for his ſituation might depend upon his prudence, and being ſatisfied that he could

could not but think his ſuperior both ſtupid and brutiſh, excuſed his communicating his thoughts to me. In other reſpects he was civil enough, and was not backward in giving me an account of the country.

In about an hour, having paſſed through the heart of the town, we were approaching the village of Affington, when Mr. Jonathan, pointing to a road that ſtruck off to the left, told me, that it led to Affington-Houſe, the ſeat of Mr. John Jones. I took the opportunity to aſk him what kind of a man he was. "One of the very beſt the world produces," ſaid he; "noble, generous, and unaſſuming, the father of "the poor, the friend of the unfortunate.

tunate. His very name is a protection to thoſe who uſe it; you are yourſelf more obliged to it than you imagine; you owe to it your eſcape from Pinhoe, and the eaſy manner of your being conveyed hither. If you have any real proſpect of being ſettled at Affington-houſe, you may account yourſelf a happy fellow." This panegyric proceeded from an unſuſpicious quarter, and even exceeded the vicar's praiſe: it gave me great and unexpected pleaſure.

As we proceeded, lofty woods on the left of the road ſkreened the country for near half a mile, when they terminated, and one of the moſt enchanting landſcapes opened

to

to the view; in which the fine river Ex was ſeen widening its banks as it flowed in ſome places on a level with beautiful meadows, in others far below the abrupt declivity of hilly copſes. Here and there the ſails of veſſels, ſwelled by a ſteady breeze, arreſted the eye; and elegant ſeats heightened the beauties of the ſcene. My conductor, at my requeſt, ſtopped ſome minutes while I gazed in admiration at nature cultivated and adorned, and now rendered doubly charming by the full vigour of the ſpring. He then pointed to a ſimple bar-gate, painted green, ſaying, it was the entrance to Affington-houſe. Thomas rode up, and opened it with the head of his whip.

We turned in to the left, continuing a direction a little retrograde through a grove, which now and then echoed with various wild notes from the lofty branches on either ſide of us. The way beneath the trees was ſhort, and the weſt end of the houſe, with a perſpective of the front which looked down the river, broke ſuddenly upon us. A fine lawn lay before it, ſpreading up to the grove, while to our left the trees edged off, paſſing behind it on an aſcent. Nothing impeded our paſſage to the very door, but a ſheep or two croſſing the path with their yearlings to join the groups that fed and friſked on the lawn. The houſe was far from being large; the door of it ſtood wide open, and the eye, carried completely through two halls,

reſted

refted on the graceful figure of a ftatue in the garden. As the chaife ftopped, a youth in a plain jacket came out, and, before the fervant that followed us could alight, was at the horfe's head, and patting his neck.

Mr. Jonathan afked if he could fee Mr. Jones. "Certainly, fir," faid the boy; "he is juft come in from riding." We alighted, and as the boy led the chaife from the door, a man in a brown livery with a fcarlet cape received us in the hall, and conducted us to his mafter's library, which, as we walked, was to the left of the inner hall. Mr. Jones almoft immediately followed us. Never was there a greater fhare of benignity collected in the countenance of man. Though I afterwards

wards heard that he was more than fifty years old, I took him at firft fight to be between thirty and forty. I watched every look of his eyes, as his namefake's clerk unfolded the bufinefs that brought him to Affington. He fometimes caft them at me, liftening at the fame time, with great attention to Mr. Jonathan, who, to do him juftice, though he detailed the fufpicion and anger of his employer, was neither prolix nor hoftile in his narration, which he concluded with delivering the vicar of Holcomb's letter. Mr. Jones fmiled as he read, but refuming his ufual look, as he folded it up, afked me how long I had been in this part of the country. I told him how lately I had arrived at Exeter, and the inn where

where I lodged. He then enquired if I had ever been there before, or was at all acquainted with the country. I anſwered his queſtions with the ſimplicity of truth. On which, turning to Jonathan, he ſaid, mildly; "Neither the countenance nor the voice of this young man beſpeaks impoſture."

Oh! how delicious is ſuch language from ſuch a being! It penetrated to my ſoul, it gave my heart its firſt rapture. How could I have preſſed him to that heart, had I not been reſtrained by the ſenſe of propriety.

"But," continued he, "not only his appearance is in his favour, it is

a faƈt that I did ſpeak to the vicar of Holcomb on the ſubjeƈt of this letter, and I am perfeƈtly acquainted with the hand-writing." Jonathan bowed. "You will have the goodneſs," proceeded the benevolent man, "to give my compliments to Mr. Jones, and ſay that I am highly pleaſed with the charaƈter contained in this letter. As for you, Morland, you are probably in no hurry, and as I want to talk with you, I ſhall detain you at preſent, unleſs you wiſh it otherwiſe."—"Sir," replied I warmly, "I have now no wiſh on earth but to be commanded by you." Mr. Jones ſmiled, and Jonathan having repeated his bow and departed, I felt inexpreſſible delight in being left with my proteƈtor.

"This is a ſingular adventure, you have had this morning," ſaid he, "but you muſt not mind it; Mr. Jones of Pinhoe is an odd man, and the beſt of us are not free from error. But how came you to excite ſo much ſuſpicion and anger?" In anſwer to this queſtion I related the facts circumſtantially, and being convinced that pride and anger ariſing from the miſtake the family had made themſelves, had chiefly actuated the Pinhoe magiſtrate, I ventured to give them as full a colouring as truth would admit. Mr. Jones laughed heartily at my account, and ſeeing Mrs. Jones with his ſon and daughter paſſing the window, he called them in, and made me repeat the whole to them. They were amuſed with

my defcription, and all fpoke to me with fuch bewitching condefcenfion and graceful eafe, that I could have delighted to ferve them in any capacity. They were handfome as well as amiable, young Jones refembling his father, and Mifs Jones her mother.

Having laughed at my adventure, they purfued their walk and left me again alone with Mr. Jones, with whom in imagination I was already fettled. He paufed fome moments, and then addreffed me thus: " Morland, Mr. Whitaker writes in very high terms of you, and I feel great pain to be forced to difappoint your hopes; but he did not rightly underftand me. My eftablifhment is full.

The perſon I wanted was one to take a new ſituation, or rather to diſcharge the office of three, which in my affairs do not afford full employment even for one perſon—I mean thoſe of ſteward, librarian, and ſecretary. I am in fact my own ſteward, and want only a man under my immediate direction, to call on my tenants, and keep my accounts. This being eaſily done, the ſame perſon muſt attend to the care of my books and the arrangement of my library, and alſo tranſcribe fairly whatever may be wanted. It requires a progreſs in education, knowledge of accounts, a good handwriting, and ſome little acquaintance with letters. I remember I was not ſufficiently explicit with Mr. Whitaker,

ker, being engaged on other businefs at the time."

How did my ears drink in every fyllable of this fpeech—was it a golden dream, or a waking vifion? "Oh fir," cried I, "fince I am happy enough to engage your attention, fuffer me to inform you, that my education has been far fuperior to what is required in the offices you mention; you can immediately put it to the teft: I am confident I may undertake the fituation you propofe, and if you will have the goodnefs to make a trial of me, fhould you approve of my ability, I will ferve you all my life with fidelity and affection, nor ever admit one mercenary thought into my mind."

"Your language," replied Mr. Jones, with a countenance full of compaſſion, "convinces me that your attainments are above the ſtation you appear in, and I feel now double pain in telling you, that but this very morning after breakfaſt, I engaged a young man who brought me a ſtrong recommendation from another friend. It would be unjuſt in me, however, to expreſs any ſorrow on the occaſion, as he appears in every reſpect fit for the offices he has undertaken."

A thunderbolt would have been more welcome than this terrible information. I turned pale, tears ſtarting to my eyes ſoon overflowed my cheeks; I begged pardon in a confuſed

confuſed manner; I knew not what I did. The contraſt of the characters I had that day ſeen, the difference of the place to be filled, the delightful expectation excited by my reception, and the ſhocking reflection of miſſing ſuch a ſituation by being a few hours too late, quite overcame me, and I had not even the power of utterance.

"I am ſorry," ſaid Mr. Jones, "to ſee you take your diſappointment ſo much to heart. You may be in ſome immediate diſtreſs, perhaps a few guineas may be of uſe to you." Seeing him take out his purſe, I requeſted him, though almoſt choaked by my attempt to ſpeak, not to miſconceive the cauſe of my agitation.

 "Indeed,

" Indeed, ſir, I am not in any immediate diſtreſs for money: the poignancy of my diſtreſs is occaſioned ſolely by finding how near I was to a happineſs which my wayward fate has put aſide."—" Come, come," ſaid Mr. Jones, " this is not manly —recover yourſelf—there are other ſituations to be found: the vicar of Holcomb may ſoon hear of one ſtill more advantageous, and if any thing occurs that ſhall put it my power to be uſeful to you, I ſhall not forget you." He then aſked me where I was to be found. I ſaid that I did not yet know myſelf, as I ſhould not continue at the inn: on which he obſerved that he could always hear of me by enquiring of Mr. Whitaker, but deſired that as ſoon as I was fixed

fixed I would call and let him know. Again refuſing his repeated offer of pecuniary aſſiſtance, I made my acknowledgments as diſtinctly as my confuſion would allow, and bowing reſpectfully, left the room.

I walked inſenſibly through the halls, turning mechanically into the coach-way that led to the grove, which had made ſo lively an impreſſion on me when I entered it. I ſaw none of the beauties of Affington; my ſenſes were abſorbed in the tumult of my mind. How did I reprobate the man whoſe paſſion had been ſo fatal to my happineſs! how did I execrate the paſſion that had cauſed the delay, during which

ſuch a prize had been ſnatched from my hope!

While I was bitterly referring this miſerable iſſue of my application to the fooliſh anger of the vicar of Holcomb, Mrs Jones with her ſon and daughter came out of the wood near the grove, and, entering the path, turned towards the houſe. In a few minutes we met; Mrs. Jones, with the moſt complacent air, aſked me, merely that ſhe might not paſs without ſpeaking, if Mr. Jones were ſtill in the library. I anſwered in the affirmative, and ſhe made an inclination of her head as ſhe went on. So did Miſs Jones; and her brother ſaid with a ſmile, " good day to you!" This added

added to the ſenſe of my misfortune; I continued reprobating the vicar, and execrating his anger till I arrived at my inn.

CHAP. VI.

Morland taken ill.—Inhuman Apprehenſions brutally expreſſed.—Patient Death of an unknown Youth.—The folly of Suicide.—An Apothecary.—Illuſions of the Senſes.—William and Amy.—Caution againſt Love.

THOUGH bleſſed by nature with a diſpoſition not eaſily irritated, my ſenſibility was great when it was acted upon by cauſes againſt which my reaſon afforded me no aſſiſtance. It was in vain I endeavoured to argue my mind into a patient acquieſcence with a diſappointment which might have happened to any other man, and to which no miſconduct of mine had contributed; for it was unrea-

ſonable,

ſonable, it was out of nature not to lament deeply the failure of an advancement ſo ſuited to my unexpected lot in life, and which could not have failed to give a happy turn to it.

Fatigued, heated by walking, oppreſſed and miſerable, I threw myſelf upon my bed, and giving way to tears, yielded my mind a prey to melancholy and painful ideas. I compared my former proſpects ere I had loſt Mrs. Waller, with the humble one now before me. I caſt my thoughts over the globe in every direction of the compaſs, and conſidered myſelf as an unconnected atom. I contraſted the exiſtence of a menial at Broke-Hall, under ſuch a character as that of ſir Nicholas, and the

life I might have led at Affington, entrufted, refpected, perhaps beloved. I painted to my imagination all the charms of fuch a lot. I pictured all the family in an infinite variety of points of view: my regular intercourfe with Mr. Jones on bufinefs; my occafional converfations with him on books and literary fubjects; the ufe I fhould have of his library, the tranfcripts I fhould make for the family, my efforts to pleafe them by tranflations and compofitions, my gradual acquifition of their confidence, efteem, and affection: the only want I felt, that of loving and being beloved, I conceived gratified in confequence of the conduct I meant to purfue, and of the virtues and amiable difpofitions of the family.

Whilft

Whilſt fancy thus brought to my mind viſionary ſcenes of happineſs, cruel reality preſented to me my forſaken, ſolitary ſtate, doubly miſerable by the loſs of the opportunity that had ſo nearly reverſed my wretched doom. The vicar's folly mingled with my ſad reflections, and the extent of its conſequences now rendered it, in my opinion, infinitely more criminal than I had at firſt thought it—nay, it appeared that he had known of Mr. Jones's deſire ſome time, yet it had only come into his mind accidentally.—I cenſured, I criminated, I all but curſed him.

Loſt in theſe tumultuous reveries, I lay ſome hours on the bed, where I ſhould

I ſhould probably have continued much longer, had I not been rouſed from my trance by the entrance of a chamber-maid, who came to adjuſt the chamber for the night. The ſun had been down ſome time, but the twilight was yet ſufficient for the purpoſe. Approaching to turn down the bed, ſhe ſtarted at ſeeing me, and enquired if I were ill. I did not think myſelf ill till ſhe put the queſtion, and then I found that I was very feveriſh. On my ſaying ſo, ſhe aſked if ſhe ſhould put the bed to rights, that I might go into it. I roſe to give her leave, and in walking acroſs the room, felt myſelf both feeble and giddy. I had no appetite, it never occurred to me therefore that I had taken no nouriſhment

the whole day, though I had ufed uncommon exercife, and I fhould have ordered nothing, had not the maid, before fhe left the room, requefted to bring me fomething to do me good. I told her that I did not think I could fwallow any thing, but that fhe might bring me up a bafon of thin gruel and a bit of toaft, which I would endeavour to take after I was in bed.

She had quitted the room but a few minutes, and I was beginning to undrefs myfelf, when the landlady, a tall, lufty woman, of a commanding afpect, opened my door without ceremony, and advancing towards me haftily, faid: " Lord! fir, I hope you a'n't going to be fick here. The chamber-maid tells me

you

you have ordered water-gruel, and that ſhe is ſure you are very ill."—"My good lady," replied I, "that I am ill is certain, and I ſpoke for gruel becauſe, if I can take any thing, that is the moſt likely to be of ſervice to me."—"Indeed you look very much fluſhed," ſaid ſhe, putting her hand upon mine and repeating, "Lord, ſir, I hope you are not going to be ſick here."—"It is a misfortune to be ſick any where," ſaid I, "and the place is not commonly at one's choice."—"Good God! you are in a burning fever," exclaimed ſhe, "I hope you are not going to be ſick here. Hadn't you better ſend for ſome of your friends to take you home, ſir? You will find it ſo much more comfortable than

than at an inn." Seeing that the woman had her doubts of a ſtranger who had arrived in a ſtage-coach, and whoſe frugal meals gave her no ſumptuous opinion of his purſe, I told her that I had no friends in Exeter; but that ſhe might depend upon my being able to pay amply for any extraordinary trouble I might occaſion. "Why to be ſure, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "you have the looks of a gentleman, and it is not for that I ſpeak, and now poſting is ſo high many a gentleman travels in ſtage coaches; but, ſir, we met with juſt ſuch another thing about two months ago, and the poor young gentleman —Lord, ſir, he looked every bit as fair as you may do, but when he died upon our hands, in one of the

rooms on this very ſame floor, we did not find enough about him even to bury him, let alone his bill; and indeed if it had not been for the apothecary, he muſt have been buried by the pariſh: and then there was ſuch a pack of troubles in the houſe with the crowner and his men. Lord! I would not have it to come over again for all the world."

I was leſs impreſſed with my ſhare of this unfeeling addreſs, than with the image of an unfortunate man dying without a friend near him, amongſt ſtrangers, and thoſe too of flinty hearts. Inſtead, therefore, of ſaying any thing relative to the ſtate I was in, I exclaimed, "Poor fellow! what muſt he not have ſuffered!"—

"Nay

"Nay as for that," ſaid the landlady, "he had no great matter of ſuffering: the apothecary was very kind to him, though he did not know who was to pay him, and gave him ſtuff that kept him very eaſy at laſt. He could not be ſaid to ſuffer; he never groaned, nor toſſed, nor tumbled about the bed, but was as patient as a lamb; only every now and then he ſighed, and tears ran down his cheeks as he lay ſilent on his back." The image in my mind was rendered doubly intereſting by this addition of patient ſorrow. I repeated—"Poor fellow! Yes, his ſufferings muſt have been exceſſive; but it was his ſoul that ſuffered moſt."—"Lord, ſir! hadn't you better think of yourſelf?" cried the land-

landlady. "Don't be afraid, madam," ſaid I, "I ſhall not be ſo fortunate as the gentleman you have been ſpeaking of; there is very little likelihood of my dying: but, to ſatisfy *you*, I *will* think of myſelf, and I beg you will do me the favour to ſend me the worthy apothecary who attended your unfortunate gueſt."—"I will, ſir, directly," replied ſhe, "there's nothing like taking things at firſt. Lord, ſir, I ſhould be ſo ſorry if any thing was to happen."

Ill as I was and wretched, I could not help ſmiling as ſhe quitted the chamber, at the ſelfiſh apprehenſions ſhe expreſſed: but in deſiring the apothecary to be ſent for, I was leſs

actuated either by her fears or any I had for myfelf, than by a melancholy curiofity to learn fomething refpecting the ftranger who had died at the inn.

I defifted from undreffing, that I might fee the apothecary before I went to bed, and I fat leaning my head on my hand, figuring to myfelf a young man with a pale but amiable countenance, yielding himfelf up to death without a ftruggle, in the hope of efcaping from the pangs inflicted by life. Keeping in view the interefting phantom of my imagination, I meditated on the folitary ftate of his laft moments,

On no fond breaft *his* parting foul relied,
No pious drops *his* clofing eye confoled,

alone

alone he wept, alone expired. So deſerted, at ſuch a period, can the ſoul preſerve its conſtancy? Dreadful agony! Yet it was ſoon over, and the ſpirit quickly claſſed with congenial beings: but as for me, my ſolitary ſtate had no ſuch happy termination before it. What congenial ſpirits could I hope to find in the claſs to which the fortuitous events of life had driven me? I gave the preference to the ſtranger's fate, and the preference gave birth to a thought which for a moment preſented itſelf in pleaſing colours to me. It *was* but for a moment, I diſcarded it with horror.—"Never, never," exclaimed I "will I, while I poſſeſs my ſenſes, reſort to an imaginary remedy, which inſtead of the effects

effects a narrow intellect propofes, would probably heap greater evils on that exiftence which we may alter but cannot extinguifh."

As I faid this, the landlady, bringing a candle in her hand, returned with the apothecary. His countenance was prepoffeffing: he advanced, and with a fmile afked me if it was ufual with me to fpeak in foliloquies. He then felt my pulfe and began to put queftions to me, but, wifhing to get rid of his conductrefs, I faid, I fhould anfwer better if we were alone. "Very true, fir," faid the landlady, "it is only what is right and proper, and fo I fhall leave you to Mr. Rundle, who will call and let me hear how you are before

he leaves the houſe." This being promiſed ſhe put the candle on a table and left the room.

Having ſuffered Mr. Rundle to convince me that I was in a fever, and endeavoured to convince him that it was trifling, and the conſequence of too much exerciſe, I told him I had heard that he attended the young man who died here. "*Here!*" ſaid he, caſting his eye around, "and who was ſo fooliſh as to tell you that he died in this room? but I hope you have more ſenſe than to give way to idle impreſſions." I did not think it neceſſary to let this worthy man know that the laſt part of the information was from himſelf; but aſſuring him

that I was ſuperior to the impreſſion he alluded to, I begged him to give me ſome account of his former patient. "I muſt firſt," ſaid he, "pay attention to my preſent patient, and I inſiſt on your troubling yourſelf juſt now with no concern but that of getting rid of this fever, which does not appear to me to threaten any ſerious illneſs if we take it in time." I was impatient to talk of the unfortunate ſtranger, but he would not indulge me. "In the firſt, place" ſaid he, "I know very little of him, not even ſo much as his name, and in the next, I have not time to ſtay. I ſhall ſee you to-morrow, and will anſwer as well as I can any inquiries you may be inclined to make. At preſent go to bed, keep yourſelf

as compofed as poffible, and take what I fhall fend you." He then bade me good night and went away.

I fat undreffing myfelf near the table, which was at fome diftance from the bed. I was fenfible that the fever was increafed, my face was extremely flufhed, and the pulfes at my temples beat violently. The ftranger ftill occupied my thoughts. I caft my eye on the bed. There he fighed, and wept, and breathed his laft. The candle ftanding on the oppofite fide of the room, and not having been fnuffed fince it was brought in, threw a dim light, which my fancy converted into a gloomy one, on the fpot fo lately the fcene of forrow and of death. The curtains which

which were of clean and decent check, were left open at different parts to admit the air. I mechanically loofened the ftring at my knee, while I gazed upon the pillow repeating the landlady's words—" he was as patient as a lamb, only every now and then he fighed, and tears ran down his cheeks as he lay filent on his back." My hands ceafed to move, I became fixed to my chair, I faw on the pillow the ftranger's head, tears ftreaming from his eyes, the bed-clothes raifed, but lying fmoothly over his body. I felt no alarm, and continued looking at the head. How long I was in this pofition I know not, but a waiter coming in with my medicine drew my attention to the door, and when I again looked at

the bed, no head lay on the pillow, and the counterpane preſented an even ſurface.

I was now ſeriouſly alarmed, my mind had never been tinctured with a faith in preternatural events, and I aſcribed the phantom to its juſt cauſe, the agitation of my mind aſſiſting the agitation of my blood in producing an illuſion on the retina, proceeding from the brain, not from an outward object. More terrified than if I had believed in ſpectres, I deſired the waiter to put down the medicines and go inſtantly for Mr. Rundle. While he was gone I again fixed my eyes on the bed, but the phantom appeared no more, my attention being removed from the

ſtranger

ſtranger to myſelf; and fortunate it was, if that epithet can be rightly applied to the preſervation of my life at that juncture, that I determined to ſend again for the apothecary.

From the account I had given him he thought my fever was merely the effect of over exerciſe, and he hoped to have allayed it by means of ſome cooling medicines, but when, on his obſerving it was encreaſed, I told him how it had diſordered my imagination, he loſt no time in bleeding me, and that copiouſly. The good man would have had me go into another room, but I aſſured him I had no objection to my own, and he ſtayed with me till I was in bed, and gave me a powder with his

own hand. He then enjoined me to repeat the powders every three hours, and ſaying he would leave ſome directions below, once more bade me good night.

Soon after, my landlady herſelf came in with a jug of barley-water, which ſhe put by the bed-ſide, telling me the doctor had deſired that ſomebody ſhould ſit up with me, to give me my medicines. "I have ſent for a woman," ſaid ſhe, "and I wiſh to the Lord I had done the ſame by the other young man, for then he might have taken his phyſic properly, and who knows but he might have been the better for it." This ſpeech was little leſs than a confeſſion of murder, but I

made

made no reply to it; I only begged her to give me the barley-water, my thirſt being very great. After this I paid no farther attention to what paſſed in the room. I endeavoured, I determined to compoſe myſelf, and, after ſome conteſt with reſtleſſneſs, ſucceeded: I lay quiet in ſpite of my diſorder, and my imagination dwelled upon the Joneses, and upon the figure I had conceived of the ſtranger who had been my predeceſſor in the chamber, but never ſo vividly as to approach again the reſemblance of reality. The powders being given to me regularly, in the morning I fell into an eaſy ſleep, in which I continued till nine o'clock, when I awoke feeble and hungry, but free from fever.

I know not whether I owed this favourable turn moſt to the natural mildneſs of my conſtitution, or to the remembered conſequences of neglecting the poor ſtranger; but in recording this circumſtance it would ſeem ungrateful not to acknowledge an obligation to Mr. Rundle's lancet and powders: at the ſame time I muſt ſay, I believe that men of a more turbulent temperament would not have fared ſo well, for I have ſince ſeen men agitate a ſlight ailment into a ſerious diſeaſe, and finally ſacrifice life itſelf to impatience. A patient ſpirit is the beſt aſſiſtant both of the doctor who preſcribes for the body, and of the philoſopher who preſcribes for the mind.

Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace.
By not oppoſing thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.

Not ſo patient, however, was my ſtomach in the morning: ſeeing me awake, the perſon who had ſat up with me all night began a ſtring of civil inquiries, but I ſilenced her civility by deſiring her to go and bring me immediately a baſon of tea, and a round of toaſt and butter. She was ſo long gone that it ſeemed to me that ſhe had as far to ſend for tea as for phyſic, and ſuch indeed was the caſe, for the prudent hoſteſs, alarmed at the unexpected demand, and having no ſtomach for another coroner's jury, had

difpatched a meffenger to the apothecary for advice on the occafion. Mr. Rundle thought proper to come himfelf, and juft as I began to lofe that virtue of whofe benign influence during the night I have been boafting, he entered the room, followed by the nurfe with the tea and toaft.

Congratulating me on the happy fymptoms of health I difcovered, he allowed me to make a good breakfaft, but not fo hearty a one as I was difpofed to do; for I had ordered a fecond round of toaft before I had half demolifhed the firft, which he countermanded, affuring me that I partly owed the abatement of the fever to the abftinence of the preceding

ceding day. He then diſmiſſed my attendant, and ſat down at the bed-ſide to talk with me. " When you told me laſt night," ſaid he, " that you had eat nothing all day, and little the day before, and that you had been heated by walking, I thought I might truſt the reducing of the fever to the powders; but when, on your prudently ſending for me the ſecond time, I found your blood in ſuch a ſtate as to affect your perception, it became neceſſary to take a great quantity of it from you. It has prevented a ſerious fit of ſickneſs, and perhaps ſaved your life." " What a curious and wonderful effect," ſaid I, " is produced on the ſenſes by the diſorder of the blood. Had I not recollected the

ſtory of Biſhop Berkley I ſhould certainly have become a convert, laſt night, to the popular ſuperſtition of apparitions." "What is the ſtory you allude to?" ſaid Mr. Rundle. "I thought it had been generally known," replied I, "that Berkley, when engaged in intenſe ſtudy, was accuſtomed to lock himſelf into his library, and that one evening in this ſituation, the ſervant who uſually attended him came up to the table, and aſked him if he choſe his coffee then, to which he aſſented, and the ſervant opened the door and went out of the room; Berkley continuing his application on his ſubject. A little while after this, the man bringing in his maſter's coffee at the uſual time, knocked for admittance, and was bade

bade to come in. This he could not do, for the door was locked. Startled at this information, Berkley recollected feeing the fervant come in, and go out again after fpeaking to him, and he was very confident that he had not himfelf ftirred from his books fince: the door, confequently, had not been opened all the afternoon. He fufpected an illufion, and inquiry confirmed his fufpicion: no perfon had been near him. He immediately fent for his furgeon, and by lofing fome ounces of blood, efcaped a fit of illnefs."

"I do not remember the ftory," faid Mr. Rundle, "but I give full credit to it. When I was a young

man,

man, I ſerved ſome time in the navy. While ſurgeon's-mate of a ſhip of war on the Jamaica ſtation, I was attacked at Port-Royal by the yellow fever. I took my medicines, knew my attendants, and was perfectly ſenſible of all that was going on about me, yet, as I lay in my bed, I plainly ſaw my own figure laid out in a coffin on ſtools cloſe by me. The ſtructure of man is wonderful, but inveſtigation and experience have taught us to account for extraordinary effects by phyſical cauſes. It is not fever alone that creates ſuch apparitions; ignorance and fancy, ſome of the paſſions, hyſterical habit, pervert the power of reaſon more or leſs:

"Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this and that the ſpout.
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks."

This quotation brought to my mind an acquaintance of poor Mrs. Waller's,. an old maiden lady, who conceived herſelf a ſitting hen for a certain number of hours in the day, during which ſhe ſat, with unexhauſted patience, on a baſket of work, with which ſhe had mixed ſome ſtraw, in the corner of her room. Except when the fit was on her, ſhe was very rational, unleſs any one mentioned or hinted at the ſubject

ject of her distemper, on which, away she would fly to her nest, and remain there till her next meal called her off. To this case Mr. Rundle added several that came within his own knowledge, which he told with great humour, supported by ludicrous quotations, convincing me that he was no less agreeable as a companion than skilful as a medical professor. I found my spirits raised in his company, my disappointment of the day before did not seem to sit so heavy on my heart, and while he talked I forgot every thing like misfortune.

At length, having done my mind as much good by his conversation as my body by his lancet and powders, he

he got up to go away, advifing me to indulge in bed for an hour or two longer, and to be moderate in my food. I begged, however, to intrude upon his time a little longer, telling him how much I had been impreffed with the fimple account, though unfeelingly given, of the filent tears and patient diffolution of the youth whom he had attended here. "I am fure," faid I, "there was fomething more than common in his character, and perhaps alfo in his ftory. His behaviour at fuch a crifis muft have interefted fuch a mind as yours, and I have no doubt your kindnefs and manners drew fome communication from him. If my curiofity is not improper will you gratify me by

by telling me what you know of him."

"That," replied he, "as I told you laſt night, is very little, yet perhaps you may think that little intereſting. I was called in to him about ſix weeks ago. It ſeems he arrived here a week or ten days before. Till he was taken ill he was hardly ever in the houſe. He was obſerved to ſpend moſt of his time at the village of Affington—" "At Affington," exclaimed I,—"yes," continued Mr. Rundle, "and chiefly in the church-yard there, where he marked out to the ſexton the ſpot he ſhould like his remains to occupy when he died. In his laſt hours he ex-

expreſſed the ſame wiſh to me, but ſaid at the time that he had no expectation of its being complied with; he engaged me, however, in a ſolemn promiſe, that the body of a favourite dove, which he had ſtuffed and preſerved, ſhould be buried in the coffin with him lying upon his breaſt. He became gradually emaciated, loſt his appetite and refuſed nouriſhment. When I found he was dying, I urged him more than once to ſay who he was, but he begged me in the moſt earneſt manner to deſiſt inquiring. 'Yet,' ſaid he, 'if ever you ſhould hear of a girl whoſe name is Amy inquiring here for a miſſing ſtranger, tell her that her dove lies in the grave with *William*.' He offered me his purſe the day before

fore he died, but as the taking of it would have been pronouncing immediate ſentence upon him, I poſtponed it, expreſſing a hope of a favourable turn. He expired, however, in the courſe of the night, and next day, when his trunk was examined, it was found to contain but a very ſmall ſtock of clothes, and in his purſe there were only two guineas and a few ſhillings. I had, and ſtill have, ſuſpicions on this head; but I have been reſtrained from expreſſing them, for fear of injuring the fair character of the people who keep this inn. Information of the death of a ſtranger being carried to the coroner, he thought proper to hold an inquiſition. My opinion was, that the youth had fallen a victim to a mental diſorder,

and

and had pined himſelf to death, with which the jury were ſatisfied. This may be a uſeful leſſon to you—guard againſt the paſſions—you too are young, beware eſpecially of love:

" ——With caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or e'en with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and powers of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach loaths
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that fluſh'd your cheeks is fled.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolved in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.

And

And ſome have died for love; and ſome run
mad;
And ſome with deſp'rate hand themſelves have
ſlain."

This ingenious and agreeable man had a quotation, an aphoriſm, or a proverb, for every topic. I told him that I did not think I needed the advice of Armſtrong on this ſubject, but that I never heard or read his poem without being charmed. "It is a poem," ſaid he, "that every young perſon ſhould ſtudy and get by heart; for it can ſcarcely fail to influence the conduct, and whoever is guided by it ſtands the faireſt chance of poſſeſſing a ſound mind and a healthy body." I aſked him if he thought the ſtranger had really died for love, or

or whether ſome other paſſion might not have preyed upon his mind. "It could hardly be grief," ſaid he, "at his age; and the other violent paſſions that ſhake the human frame, ſuch as anger and fear, act differently; beſides the doubt is ſufficiently reſolved by Amy and the dove." I aſked where he was buried. "I made a collection," replied Mr. Rundle, "by ſpeaking of him among my acquaintance; and, embelliſhing the love-ſtory a little, the young folks ſubſcribed ſo freely, that I actually had it in my power to lay him in the ſpot he had marked out. He lies in Affington church-yard, near the lime-tree whoſe branches ſpread over his grave." As Mr. Rundle ſtood while he ſpoke,

 I thank-

I thanked him for his kindnefs, and faid, I would detain him no longer at prefent. On which he defired me to keep my room all day; and giving me fome direction as to diet, left me, promifing to fee me in the afternoon.

CHAP. VII.

Two Ways of gaining Wiſdom.—Paſſions.—A ſhort Deſcription of Mr. Rundle, who leaves Morland.—Lodgings at a Cottage.—A philoſophical Cordial.—Ben and Bridget.—A Receipt to make coarſe Sheets comfortable.

THERE are minds, though perhaps few in proportion to the general number, that apply the leſſons life preſents to their peruſal. To theſe the facts they read in the living book, convey the moral they contain; the index of the hidden monitor is turned upon the obſerver, and ſalutary uſes are extracted: they learn wiſdom from the fate of others.

others. They who ſee in the incidents that compoſe the tale of life, nothing more than the facts, are children, who, left to themſelves, ſtop at the end of their fable, and omit the application: theſe are doomed to gain wiſdom by woful experience.

Diffidence, ſtudy, habit, perhaps in ſome degree conſtitution, claſſed me early among thoſe who ſtrive to profit by the experience of others. I do not mention this as a proof of virtue or wiſdom, for my endeavours were not always ſucceſsful; and as to the gratification of pride, it would be completely ſwept away by the ſenſe I have of the impropriety of a boaſt: but I ſpeak of it to take the

op-

opportunity of declaring that I owe to it many efcapes from error and from mifery, and to induce others to follow an example replete with beneficial confequences. In the outfet of life I feldom faw effects of the various paffions, without putting myfelf, in imagination, in the place of the perfon poffeft, and coolly counteracting the power that feemed fo uncontrollable. The vice that difgufted me in others, I affured myfelf, muft difguft others in me; and every virtue that raifed my efteem, or excited my affection, I marked for imitation. The very foibles, or the mere graces of exterior, I endeavoured to turn to account; and though, as I have faid, I often miffed my aim, I am, upon the whole, much

indebted to this practice for ſome conqueſts over myſelf, for hours of ſelf-approbation, and for a tranquil and eaſy ſpirit. It has aſſiſted me in the enjoyment of that ſacred impreſſion which was ſo early made upon my mind, by reflecting on the unconnected ſtate to which I was born.

Theſe thoughts ariſe on recollection of my ſentiments when Mr. Rundle left me, after the converſation reſpecting the ſtranger. I remember my eyes were full of tears, I pitied him from my ſoul, but I learned from an undoubted ſource, the extreme effects of a paſſion allowed to be the moſt delightful. The moſt delightful! thought I—

What!

What! when it oppreſſes the ſoul to deſperation, when tears and bitter ſighs are the fruits of it, when it undermines ſtrength and health, when it digs the grave! No; it can only be delightful to thoſe who have learned to regulate their emotions. Great God! if the moſt pleaſing of our paſſions may be warped ſo pernicioully, ſo fatally, how carefully ſhould we watch, control, direct the ſource whence ſpring theſe powerful agents of happineſs and of miſery, the heart of man? They only can hope for true felicity in this life, who have judgment to guide theſe impetuous leaders through the difficult paſſes on the road, and to tame, without deſtroying, their ſpirit.

I had another converſation in the afternoon with Mr. Rundle, who became more and more amiable in my eyes. He was a little man, with a countenance that indicated ſtrong intellect. He had a broad forehead, prominent noſe, but not acquiline, lively eyes, and an agreeable contour. He was growing grey without a wrinkle on his forehead, a token of his habitual cheerfulneſs. He ſpoke fluently, and his memory, uncommonly retentive, was ſtored with inexhauſtible funds from the moſt eminent authors, both of antiquity and modern times. He was inſtructive and entertaining, yet modeſt and attentive, equally diſpoſed to liſten or to ſpeak. Never was a man more ſuited to his profeſſion, for the medi-

medicines his ſkill adminiſtered were ſeconded by cheerful looks and encouraging remarks. How often have I wiſhed, for the ſake of mankind, that every ſurgeon and apothecary were a Rundle! And how did I lament, at the time I am ſpeaking of, the conſciouſneſs that precluded any advance towards the cultivation of a friendſhip with him.

When I ſaw him again the following morning, and was told by him that he reſigned me to my own direction, I felt a pang; and would gladly have been ſick a week longer to have protracted the reſignation. Having previouſly calculated that he

had attended me five times, and having taken into the account the bleeding and medicines, I concluded that two guineas would be a proper compenſation; inſtead therefore of aſking for a bill, I put them into his hands, ſaying, I hoped I had made a juſt eſtimate. " This is too much," ſaid he, " my charges can hardly amount to more than a third of it." On this I inſiſted upon his receiving the ſum I had preſented. " Well," ſaid he, putting the guineas into his pocket, " be it ſo; I have no objection to admit that the liberality of the affluent ſhould enable and encourage profeſſional men to attend the indigent gratuitouſly, and others according to their means."

He

He then bade me take care not to get another fever, and took his leave of me.

How little did he know the ftate of my affairs, when he talked of affluence! but if I had been ever fo much inclined to open my mind to him, his obfervation would have filenced me; and I fuffered him to depart without a word tending either to confirm his opinion, or undeceive him. Having, in the fhort attendance of Mr. Rundle, enjoyed a confiderable reciprocity of congenial fentiment, I became more painfully fenfible of the void in my heart, when fuddenly left again, mentally as well as corporeally, alone. I was foon, however, called upon by the very re-

flection on my unconnected ſtate, to attend to the object that had brought me into Devonſhire. My affairs, it muſt be allowed, were in a very bad train. By the pride of Sir Nicholas Broke, I was deprived of every hope at Broke-Hall; and by the anger of the vicar of Holcomb, I had miſſed the bleſſed proſpect that opened but to ſhut me out from Affington-Houſe. Regret, however, was unavailing, and to murmur was wicked. I endeavoured, with ſome ſucceſs, to tranquillize my mind, and ſet out in queſt of a lodging more ſuited to my circumſtances than the inn, where the Bath coach ſet me down.

After an hour's ſearch through different parts of the town, I found

that

that cheapneſs and pleaſantneſs dwelt not in the ſame ſtreets of a city, and having been all my life accuſtomed to open, airy ſituations, I could not bear the thoughts of a confined one; reſolving therefore to ſeek a place out of town, it came into my head to walk to the village of Affington and inquire there. At the parting of the road, where to the left I ſaw the woods that ſkirted the way to Mr. Jones's, a lively recollection of all that paſſed the day I was carried to his houſe took poſſeſſion of my mind, and I ſhould probably have relapſed into the pangs of regret, had I not, taking the other road, come almoſt immediately upon the village. The agreeable and rural appearance of it delighted me, and I was

was fortunate enough to find what I wanted, upon the firft inquiry.

Going towards a cottage covered with a vine, and commanding a beautiful profpect, I faw a grey-headed, venerable, old man, fitting in a ruftic porch, bafking in the fun. I accofted him with a kind air, and he referred me to his dame, who was within. She was younger and ftronger than her hufband. She was engaged over the fire, preparing fomething for their dinner; and a little girl, about ten years old, was fpinning on one of thofe fimple wheels, the management of which gives exercife, not to one foot only, but to the whole body. She twirled it with her hand, walked fome paces

from

from it, forming the thread, and returned to give the motion of the wheel new force. The old woman, who had a mild and pleafing countenance, defifted from what fhe was about, to fpeak to me. She told me of two houfes in the village where lodgings were fometimes let; informing me alfo of the price at which they generally went, which, though lower than at Exeter, did not yet fuit my profpects. Obferving a fmall ftaircafe, I afked how many rooms fhe had up ftairs. She defired me to go up and fee.

There were three, and a little loft. Every thing I faw was neat and clean; one of the chambers had a prefs-bed, which fhut up in the day-time to

leave more room. I resolved to persuade the good woman to let it to me. At first she was reluctant, for it was her grand-daughter's, and she should not like to turn Nancy out of it, for she had slept there ever since her father went away. "Nay do, Grannee, let the Gentleman have it," said Nancy, as she spun her thread, "he have such a mind to it." This generosity abated my desire, and I said I could not think of taking it from such a good little girl. "Now, do ye sir," said she; "the little bed next to Grannee's be big enough for me, and I be used to sleep there before faither went." On the dear little girl's persuading me, the old woman's reluctance was conquered, and she said

she

ſhe was willing to oblige me, but had no ſheets, except what were very coarſe, for ſhe had never thought of lodging any body. I made her eaſy on this head, and, after ſatisfying myſelf that the girl had no uncomfortable birth by the exchange, agreed to become an inmate with theſe old people, paying three ſhillings and ſixpence a week for my room.

On farther talking with them they conſented that I ſhould partake of their daily fare, generouſly leaving it to me to calculate, and give what it was worth. The cheapneſs of thoſe times and the mode of living conſidered, the good folks thought me prodigal in ſettling the payment

at

at the rate of a ſhilling a day; and I, forced to obſerve the moſt rigid frugality, and juſt come from examining dear and dirty lodgings in the narrow ſtreets and alleys of a great town, thought myſelf happy in being lodged and ſupported for half a guinea a week, in a neat airy cottage, in a pretty village, with a picturesque country about it. I took poſſeſſion immediately, and in the afternoon, by means of one of the market carts returning from Exeter, I had my trunk ſafely conveyed to my humble, but agreeable apartment.

In diſcharging my bill at the inn, I was ſhocked at the extravagant charges made in it, and ventured to expoſtulate with the landlady; but the

the volubility of her tongue, and the ſeverity of her reproaches for my ingratitude, ſtunned and ſilenced, if they did not convince me. Happy to eſcape from her and the coroner, I gave her the full amount of her demand, and repaired to my rural chamber.

The firſt thing I did was to examine my expences ſince I left Reading, and the ſtate of my finances; which I found ſunk to about ſix and thirty pounds. At this rate my purſe would have been ſoon exhauſted, and I congratulated myſelf on the arrangement I had made, by which I was able to look forward for months, if nothing in my favour turned out ſooner. I determined

how-

however not to remit my attendance on the vicar of Holcomb, whom I meant, according to the advice I received from his relation, the curate of Reading, to consult on laying out my money to advantage.

Having laid out the few books I had, on a deal table which stood in my chamber, and put some paper and pens in the drawer of it, I sat leaning my head on my hand, and insensibly fell into a retrospect of my adventures on the day I left Holcomb with the letter for Mr. Jones; and I was beginning to relapse into despondency, when casting my eye on my Seneca, I took it up, and opening the leaves accidentally, fell upon the following

passage:

paſſage: "What was Regulus the worſe, that fortune made choice of him for an eminent inſtance both of faith and patience? He was thrown into a wooden caſe ſtuck with pointed nails, ſo that which way ſoever his body turned, it reſted upon his wounds; his eye-lids were cut off to keep him waking; and yet Mæcenas was not happier on his bed, than Regulus on his ſpikes. *It has pleaſed God*, ſaid he, *to ſingle me out for an experiment of the force of human nature.* No man knows his own ſtrength or value, but by being put to the proof. The pilot is tried in a ſtorm; the ſoldier in a battle; the rich man knows not how to behave himſelf in poverty: he that

has lived with popularity and applaufe knows not how he would bear infamy and reproach, nor he that has never had children, how he would bear the lofs of them. Calamity is the occafion of virtue, and a fpur to a great mind. The very apprehenfion of a wound ftartles a man when he firft bears arms; but an old foldier bleeds boldly, becaufe he knows that a man may lofe blood, yet win the day. Nay, many a calamity turns to our advantage; and great ruin has made way to great glory. One man's life is faved by a difeafe; another is arrefted and taken out of the way a little before his houfe fell in and muft have crufhed him."

Phi-

Philoſophers and divines have been well called the phyſicians of the ſoul. Let the unhappy apply to theſe writings for relief and comfort: there is ſcarcely a mental ailment for which they will not find a medicine calculated to remove or allay the malady, and, if mingled with friendſhip, ſovereign and infallible. I ceaſed pondering on my ill-fortune, and went down to talk with my hoſt and hoſteſs.

The ſun had not yet ſet, but Nancy was laying a clean cloth on the table for ſupper, and Bridget, her grandmother, was waſhing ſome radiſhes. The old man was ſitting at the cottage window reading the bible. He had experienced no failure of ſight, though ſo far advanced in years.

years. His placid countenance was a picture of internal peace, and his grey hairs pointed the way to heaven. Ben Collins was his name. The manners of Ben and Bridget were as ſimple as their fare, for they had never travelled far from home, and our talk was equally ſimple, relating to country affairs. Bridget put the radiſhes on the table, then brought half a cheeſe of a plain kind, and a brown loaf, while Nancy drew a jug of beer.

I eat my ſupper with a reliſh I had not known ſince I heard of Mrs. Waller's death; and I may add, that I ſlept better too that night, for though, on my firſt approaching my bed, I was ſtartled at the coarſeneſs of

of the ſheets: I conſoled myſelf with their cleanneſs, for I had been again conſulting my philoſopher phyſician, and had received this preſcription: " It is neceſſary to provide againſt hunger, thirſt, and cold; and ſomewhat for a covering, to ſhelter us againſt other inconveniencies, but it matters not a pin whether it be of turf or marble. A man may lie as warm and as dry under a thatched, as under a gilded roof. Let the mind be great and glorious, and all other things are deſpicable in compariſon."

 CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Experience wonders at nothing.—Morland recommended to a Situation by the Vicar.—Cottage fare.—Ben's Physic.—A solitary ramble.—The Linden.—William's Grave.

THE day after I took possession of my rural apartment I went to Holcomb, to inform Mr. Whitaker of the result of my application to Mr. Jones. Approaching the vicarage on an elevated foot-path concealed by wild shrubs, I had got within fifty paces of the gate, when I observed a gentleman on horseback with his hand in the vicar's. I stopped

ſtopped to avoid going upon them abruptly. They talked a few minutes in that poſition, then ſhook hands heartily and parted; the vicar going in, and his friend, followed by a ſervant, paſſing me in his way to Exeter.

The vicarage gate was opened to me by my young acquaintance, who had given me the friendly hint reſpecting his maſter's character. Inſtead of letting me in, he drew me out into the middle of the road, and pointing to the horſemen now almoſt out of ſight, ſaid, " Did you ſee 'un paſs by? who do ye take 'un to be?" I replied that I had no idea. " It be ſir Nicholas Broke himſelf;" ſaid the boy laughing.

 " What!"

"What!" cried I, "are he and your maſter friends?" "Yes, zure," ſaid he, "he ha' been zitting here all the morning with 'un in main good humour."

I had not yet learned to ſuppreſs aſtoniſhment, though I had often been told by the curate of Reading, as well as by Horace, not to wonder at any thing, and, *I wonder at nothing*, was a common ſaying of poor Mrs. Waller's. I own I was greatly ſurpriſed at this ſudden renewal of regard, and could not help wondering how a man could one day execrate and abuſe, and the next receive and embrace the ſame perſon. My ſurpriſe, however, was that of a novice; meeting it afterwards not unfre-

unfrequently in life, I ceaſed to wonder.

The vicar received me with complacence. In telling him my diſappointment I omitted the effect it had produced on me, and mentioned the whole circumſtance lightly, for fear of burdening his mind with the recollection that his paſſion uncontrolled had been the means of my loſing ſo eligible a ſituation: how aſtoniſhed was I then to hear him ſay, he was glad of it! "I have a much better place for you," ſaid he; "why, ſure, Morland, I gave you a hint of it, the other day. Didn't I ſay ſomething about Lady Broke's being diſſatisfied with her man?" I bowed. "I know I did," continued he, "it was

a matter of uncertainty, however, whether ſhe would part with him or not; but I can now tell you, that it is not only certain that he is to go, but that you are to be his ſucceſſor." "You ſurpriſe me, indeed, ſir," ſaid I; "has Lady Broke approved of me?" — "Approved of you!" repeated he, "how can ſhe have approved of you without ſeeing you? But when I recommend there's no fear of diſapprobation." "You have ſeen her ladyſhip, ſir?" ſaid I. "No, ſir, I have not ſeen her ladyſhip," replied he, ſharply, "but if you will give me leave to ſpeak, I'll tell you."

Looking Mr. Whitaker in the face, I ſaw that his brow portended

a briſk gale, if not a ſtorm; but fortunately the good humour of the morning prevailed, and with a returning ſmile, he went on. "My friend Sir Nicholas has been with me all the morning. Broke's an odd man, but he has good points. He did not mean to offend me the other day; and had he explained himſelf properly in his letter, that the Duke of M., as was really the caſe, had very particular buſineſs with him, as was really the caſe, why I ſhould have ſeen that I ſhould have been in the way, which would have really been the caſe, and I ſhould certainly rather not, and of courſe ſhould have taken the matter kindly: but it is not every baronet that holds the pen of a Junius. Sir Nicholas has good

points, but he can't write more than three lines at a time; and one ſhould make allowances for a friend. He has been with me, as I told you, all this morning; and, after a deal of pleaſant talk, it came out among other things that my lady's man was abſolutely going away, and ſo I ſecured the place for you. Broke has promiſed to ſpeak to her ladyſhip: I ſhall myſelf ride over to Broke-Hall, in the afternoon, and I wiſh you to go there to-morrow, about this time, and ſhow yourſelf to Lady Broke. You will do very well, I am ſure, Morland; but remember, keep your ſecret, and be leſs of the gentleman in your carriage." Though leſs ſanguine than at firſt in my expectations from the vicar's influence, I thanked

I thanked him for his goodneſs, and, promiſing to go to Broke-Hall the next day, took my leave.

I had juſt time to walk to my cottage before Bridget's dinner hour. Little Nancy was looking out, and ran forward to meet me. She welcomed me with a ſmile and a curteſy, and ſaid the bacon and greens were quite ready to be put ſmoking hot on the table. A tranquil cheerfulneſs reigned at the cottage. Cleanlineſs was apparent in every thing. A ſanded floor, ſhining pots, glazed earthen cups, a daily clock with a walnut caſe, a deal table and ſtraw-bottomed chairs, bacon and greens, had at this time more charms for me, than all the luxury I might

have anticipated at Broke-Hall. My walk had given me an appetite, and I now relifhed my dinner as much as I had relifhed my fupper the night before.

The cloth being removed, the table put under the window, the end of it reaching Ben Collins's high-backed chair, and Ben himfelf feated in it, Bridget faid, "I maun bring my maifter his phyfic."—"He muft not take phyfic directly after his dinner," faid I. "Zure he maun," replied Bridget, "it do him a mort of good; he takes fome every day." She then brought him a glafs, and ftepping up ftairs, returned with a fmall bottle holding about half a pint, to the cork of which fhe ap-

plied a corkſcrew ſhe had taken out of her pocket, and drew it with a dexterity that beſpoke habit. I immediately ſuſpected it to be one of thoſe panacean cordials that promiſe to cure all ills; and which generally in the courſe of a little time perform their promiſe, by ſending their dupes to the little room where all diſtempers end; and yet its effect on Ben Collins did not at all ſupport my ſuſpicion: he had the health of age, that is, eaſe, with the gentle continuance of all the natural functions, and this cordial was clearly performing its promiſe as to longevity.

I had ever been decidedly an unbeliever in the virtues that were unlimited in their boaſts; but I was ſo

fully convinced, by Ben's looks, of the efficacy of his medicine, that I determined to aſk him ſome queſtions about it, in order to recommend it to others, as well as to uſe it myſelf whenever it ſhould be my fate to ſtand in need of it. To my queſtion as to its operation Ben ſaid, it comforted him all over. "But," ſaid I, "my good old man, I have always underſtood that theſe kind of cordials gradually loſe their power; are not you obliged, after a certain time, to encreaſe your doſe?"—"No, Maſter," replied Ben, "I ha' never added a drop to it ſin firſt I began to take it, now five years paſt laſt Chriſtmas. The doctor that adviſed it to me, told me I muſt never take more than the ſame quantity, or elſe

elſe it would be all one as poiſon." —"How came you to think of taking it at firſt?" ſaid I. "You maun know," replied he, "that I never flinched from work for a long number of years. I ſtood toughly to it, with good wholeſome fare and brown beer; but Time laid his hand upon me; he ſhook my ſinews, and he bleached my hairs. I was aſhamed however to lie by, and I puſhed my ſtrength beyond its natural ſtretch: ſo I fell ill, and was weakly for ſome time. I uſed to feel a faintneſs come over me, and I turned tired, as it were, of life, till God raiſed me a friend to adviſe me to take this good ſtuff; and ever ſin I feel cheerly, and like to ſit in the ſun, and to talk to a neighbour, and

to

to hear Nancy ſing as ſhe turns her wheel. Verily it be mother's milk to an old man like me." — "You give it ſuch a character," ſaid I, "that I ſhould like to know what it is, and where to get it."—"Pray you taſte on't," ſaid Bridget, pouring the liquor into a clean glaſs, which Nancy brought, laughing as ſhe gave it. I held it up to the light. It was clear and tranſparent; a perfect ruby liquified. Before I put it to my lips I aſked who was the diſcoverer of ſo precious a ſpecific. "That's more than I can tell," replied Ben; "they ſay the perſon that invented it is dead, and that it is ſent from foreign parts."—"It muſt be very dear," ſaid I, ſtill eyeing the beautiful colour of the cordial.

"I can't

" I can't ſay," anſwered Ben. " Who recommended it?" — " One Mr. Jones." — " Jones!" cried I, and ſipped the liquor. I took a ſecond ſip; I drank half the glaſs. " Why, my good fellow," exclaimed I, " if ever I drank water—this is fine old Port."—" An' if it ban't," ſaid Ben, laughing, " it taſtes mighty like un."

I was highly pleaſed with the old man's jeſt, and with the true hiſtory of his cordial, as it flaſhed upon my mind, when I united the taſte of the wine with the name of Jones. Of all the pleaſures life affords is there any more grateful to the heart than that which it feels on the contemplation of a benevolent action? It is a picture

picture of the Deity, and without benevolence, "Man," says Bacon, "is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." Ben Collins had been a labourer all his life on the estate belonging to the Joneses. He had acted his part in the sphere of life in which Providence had placed him, like a man. He had been faithful to his employers, just in his dealings, and kind to his fellow-labourers. He had been very active in saving the lives of some people who had been wrecked on the coast, when he first went down to get a sight of the sea, which had given him a title to more than common affection, and this he had retained through life. The cottage in which he lived belonged to

Mr.

Mr. Jones, and he had enjoyed it rent free for many years. His loſs of ſtrength, to which he alluded, being the reſult of forced exertion, as well as natural decay, his life would have been the ſacrifice, had not Mr. Jones employed a doctor for him, who adviſed the uſe of wine inſtead of phyſic. It acted, as he ſaid, like mother's milk, it ſet him upon his feet. That accompliſhed, mothers wean their infants, but the provider of Ben's milk knew that age required to be kept as well as put upon its feet, and he reſolved not to wean him, till the removing angel ſummoned him to the enjoyment of everlaſting youth. A monthly proviſion of half-pint bottles, packed in a box, had been regularly ſent to the cot-

cottage. There were two boxes, marked *Ben's phyſic*, uſed for the ſupply. On the firſt day of every month, this phyſic was brought from Affington-Houſe, and was depoſited in the place whence the box with the empty bottles were removed. Ben's doſe was half a pint daily; he made four glaſſes of it, and, finding in three a ſufficient infuſion of comfort, he beſtowed the fourth upon Bridget.

The diſcovery of the nature of Ben's phyſic led to ſome talk reſpecting his phyſician, and every thing the grateful old couple ſaid of Mr. Jones not only ſerved to encreaſe my veneration for his character, but renewed my ſorrow for the diſap-

point-

pointment I had experienced. I liſtened for ſome time with mixed delight and anguiſh to the account they gave me of the whole family. Ben lengthened the interval between his glaſſes, and often preſſed me to divide his doſe, till I inſiſted upon his not urging it, as I could have no pleaſure in accepting the invitation. When he found me determined he gave up the attempt: this day he loſt one glaſs for his joke, as Bridget ſtill had her fourth, but in future the cordial was adminiſtered with its uſual preciſion. Having taken his laſt ſup and added "God bleſs un!" which he invariably did, on finiſhing his daily portion, in gratitude to his benefactor, he reclined back in his eaſy chair diſ-

diſpoſed for his cuſtomary nap, which I left him to enjoy.

As yet a ſtranger to the country about me, I was tempted by the mildneſs of the weather to ſtroll round it. The bloom of the hawthorn that whitened all the hedges, the verdure of the young crops of graſs and corn that ſpread in every direction, the life that agitated the various fields, where lambs, or calves, or foals, were putting forth their early powers to catch the novelty of exiſtence; the river, widening in its courſe between banks picturesque and rich, with veſſels under ſail gliding on its ſurface, were objects well ſuited to gratify and to tranquillize the mind; but mine longed for a bleſ-

bleſſing without which all material objects decreaſe in value. What is pleaſure without participation!

I rambled the whole afternoon, ſometimes ſitting on a bank to enjoy the proſpect before me, ſometimes wandering on, full of thought, and inſenſible of the impreſſion on my ſight. I had walked a conſiderable way, and my ſteps were turned up the river, when my reverie was broken by an abrupt perception of Affington-Houſe juſt before me. It had been in my view near a mile before I obſerved it, for the inhabitants had taken poſſeſſion of my ideas ſo completely, that my eyes ceaſed to perform their office. I ſtopped and gazed with rapture on the abode of good-

goodneſs and of happineſs, till running my eye over the lawn, I plainly perceived young Jones and his ſiſter. Though I diſtinguiſhed them, it was not probable that they diſtinguiſhed me; for I had not occupied their thoughts, as they had done mine: yet I felt uneaſy leſt I ſhould appear loitering about the houſe. I ſtruck into a field that brought me to the road, on entering which I ſaw a lane that I ſuſpected to be a ſhort cut to the village: nor was I miſtaken; I came out upon a green about a quarter of a mile from Affington.

The firſt object that caught my eye was the church, and it brought to my mind the young ſtranger who died at the inn whence I had eſ-

caped.

caped. I went forward to viſit the ſpot where he lay. Several trees grew in the church-yard near each other, but the ſolitary linden ſtood in a remote corner. The linden, or lime, is ſeldom found ſtanding alone; it is planted in parks, and to form avenues, for the ſocial and beautiful intertwining of its branches, which, it has been ſaid, gave the firſt idea of thoſe Gothic ſtructures that are the pride of former days, and the admiration of the preſent. The ſolitude of this muſt have been accidental; not indeed thrown into the earth at random, but tranſplanted, like me, by ſome perſon thoughtleſs of its future fate, unconſcious of its ſocial nature. "What!" ſaid I, as I approached

proached it: "Quite alone! Where are thy brothers and fifters? thy parents? thine uncles and aunts? thy numerous coufins? where the whole generation of thy kin, that fhould be folding thee in their embraces, or blowing kiffes with their waving fingers? Alas! thou never kneweft thefe delights: yet doft thou flourifh, and art among the foremoft to enliven the young fpring with the gay verdure of thy broad foliage; yet doft thou elaborate thy perfume, to fling its odour to the fenfelefs dead, and caft thy beaded florals on their graves. Well, folitary linden! thou giveft me an excellent leffon: heedlefs of thy pofition thou cheerfully performeft the tafk which Nature fet thee. And fhall I, bleffed with the power of

of looking beyond nature up to nature's God, ſhall I repine at my condition, and ſhrink from the taſk which he aſſigns me! No, ſolitary linden! if ever a murmur tremble on my lip, I'll think of thee, and act my part."

It was a beautiful linden. Having ſtood admiring it for ſome time, I advanced to the ſpot I came to ſee. The turf was rounded over the grave in the common way, terminated by ſtones, a large one to mark the head, a ſmall one the feet of the inhabitant. On the larger one was engraved the ſingle name of WILLIAM, to which was added the date of his death. The lonelineſs of the grave, for it ſtood at a conſiderable diſtance

from all the others, the recollection of my diſtempered fancy in the room where he died, his patience, his ſilent weeping, and lowly reſignation, with the thought of what Amy was yet doomed to feel, forced from me a tribute of tears to his miſfortunes. As I left the grave, I again read his name, and involuntarily added; "*Beware of love.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Morland goes to Broke-Hall.

I DID not fail to make my appearance next morning at Broke-Hall, a magnificent ſeat, part of which was a very ancient ſtructure called the *caſtle*, and part an elegant modern building lately added to it, in compliance with the taſte of Lady Broke, from which the whole had received the appellation of *Hall*: the manor was intitled Brokeland.

From Holcomb the road gradually became ſteeper. Entering at the porter's lodge I had to walk about

 half

half a mile before I reached the houſe, into which, after waiting five minutes from the time I rang at the door, I was admitted by a very tall man in a handſome livery. On hearing my buſineſs he ſtared at me from head to foot, and aſked me if I had lately come out of a family in which there had been a death, obſerving that the cloth of which my coat was made was ſuperfine. I told him the truth, and begged to know if I could ſee Lady Broke: on which he ſaid—“ Will you go into the kitchen or wait here?” I preferred the latter, and he left me.

The hall in which I ſtood was ſpacious and lofty, and contained a broad winding ſtaircaſe that terminated

nated on the firſt floor. The pannels of the walls were decorated with paintings in *freſco*, and from the centre hung a grand gilt lanthern of crown glaſs, ſuſpended by a braſs chain. I remained full half an hour at liberty to walk from ſide to ſide; a dead ſilence reigned: neither man, woman, nor child, dog, nor cat diſturbed the ſtillneſs of the ſcene, and I began to think myſelf forgotten, when the light echo of a diſtant foot announced the approach of a living creature.

It drew nearer and nearer; but ſtill the tread was gentle. It proceeded from a long paſſage, to the left, beyond a colonade that terminated the hall, which I had not explored, my attention having been fixed on

the pictures. At laſt a delicate little female figure, with a gipſy-hat and ſhort petticoats, looking like a ſylph, appeared among the columns, and calling to me, ſaid, "Sir! this way. I am come to ſhow you to my lady." She waited till I was near her, gazing at me all the time with her head on one ſide, then ſaid with a ſmile; "You have not been waiting long, I hope." I thanked her, and accompanied her back through the paſſage, which after a conſiderable way turned an angle, and continued about half as far as the former part, when it brought us into a lively room fitted up with complicated taſte. There were delicate glaſs bookcaſes of ſatin wood, filled with ſuperbly bound books; ſtages of flowering exotics with the colours duly min-

gled

gled and adjufted to produce the moft grateful effect upon the eye; canary birds, Virginia nightingales, and Indian avadavats, in filver-wired cages, hung on large myrtles placed on gilt tripods; gold and filver fifh in immenfe glafs globes, on fimilar ftands, alternate with the cages; Indian bows and arrows; and a table for trou-madame. Vine leaves and tendrils curled around the windows, which were alfo provided with Venetian blinds to regulate the degree of light according to the inclination of the moment. A large glafs-door to the left difcovered an extenfive aviary, where a great variety of birds, foreign and native, were collected within the fame range of wire.

 "That's

"That's my lady," ſaid the ſlender-ankled damſel, pointing to a lady among the birds, whoſe perſon was the reverſe of her own: "ſhe is watching a ſitting bullfinch, for ſhe breeds them all herſelf, from firſt to laſt. I'll let her know you are here."

My conductreſs opening the glaſs-door, proceeded into the aviary, and I drew back out of ſight. She ſoon returned and beckoned me; I followed her, and paſſing through a city of neſts inhabited by beings from every quarter of the globe, more heterogeneous than are to be found in London, Paris, or Conſtantinople, we aſcended two marble ſteps into a room which on every

ſide,

ſide, from top to bottom, was completely covered with an infinite variety of china, arranged on ſhelves in different ſervices. The farther end of the room ſeemed to be without a door; the vacant ſpace was lofty, and admitted the view of a rock ſo near as to caſt a conſiderable ſhade on the room, while from its ſummit a gentle cataract, whitening ſome abrupt points in its way down, poured over with a conſtant murmur, and, daſhing upon ſome ſtones at the bottom, ran off into a glade. Near the open ſpace, left vacant by a ſliding door, ſat Lady Broke at a table, looking at ſome papers, which, after bidding me advance, ſhe continued to examine, as if on purpoſe

to allow me time to view her caſcade.

Her ladyſhip was in the maturity of beauty. She had been married ſome four-and-twenty years. Her ſkin was ſmooth, and her features delicate, but time had gradually augmented the covering of her bones, and the rotundity of ſome parts of her perſon had ſhot from the curve of the beautiful into the projections of the ſublime. It had been neceſſary in the courſe of the laſt ſeven years, to widen the elbows of her arm-chairs, an improvement, which, to prevent invidious reflections, had been ſeveral times generalized in the change of thoſe pieces of neceſſary furniture, till refuſing more than one

arm at once to a ſingle perſon, and uſurping the office of ſociables, all were again narrowed, except her Ladyſhip's, which very evidently aſſerted their ſuperior dignity among their fellows. Her height was of the middle ſize, and her carriage commanding, but affectedly condeſcending. She ſeemed rather deſirous that one ſhould diſcover her gracious intention of putting one at one's eaſe, than ſolicitous whether the effect were produced or not, juſt as ſhe wore a ſmile more from the idea of its heightening the charms of her own face than as an indication of pleaſure received from others.

After a ſilence of a few minutes ſhe looked complacently at me, and ſaid:

ſaid: "I underſtand, ſir, you are the perſon of whom Mr. Whitaker ſpeaks ſo favourably?" My ſenſations at this moment were truly painful, for, in ſpite of her ladyſhip's complacent air, I felt myſelf in a ſituation, at which, notwithſtanding all my philoſophical reſolutions, my ſoul revolted, whenever it was for a moment off its guard. I only bowed, but I fancy I had forgotten the vicar's caution, and again ſuffered my bow to betray me, for Lady Broke ſmiling, aſked me if I had ever worn a livery. My blood flew into my face; I ſtammered, and diſdaining a falſehood, owned I never had. "Well," ſaid her ladyſhip, "there's no harm in that. I ſee you are very young, and of courſe the more pliant.

pliant. If your temper is good I have no doubt, from your appearance, I ſhall be able to make ſomething of you. Can you read?" I was not a little ſurpriſed at this queſtion, which of courſe I anſwered in the affirmative. "And can you get by heart?" added her ladyſhip. This queſtion appeared to me ſtill more divergent than the other. I looked at the lady and was ſilent. "That would be expecting too much," continued ſhe, "yet on trial you might not find it hard to learn." Puzzled to conceive what ſhe aimed at, I aſſured her I by no means found it difficult, and that my memory was abundantly ſtored with the productions of the poets. "Oho!" ſaid ſhe, "I find Mr. Whi-

taker's

taker's commendation not at all exaggerated. Can you repeat *The Water-Lark?*" What all this had to do with a man who came to be hired as a ſervant, was beyond my range of comprehenſion: yielding, however, to her ladyſhip's fancy, I anſwered, I did not know it. "Not know the Water-Lark!" exclaimed ſhe, "though, now I think of it, I believe it is not yet publiſhed. Do you know any other of Dalby's productions." I ſaid the name of Dalby was renowned for a very celebrated compoſition, but except for that I had never heard him ſpoken of. "Perhaps not," ſaid ſhe, "you have had other things to attend to, but ſome of his compoſitions are infinitely better than that you allude to. He is a

young

young man of great merit, on which account I encourage his viſits here. But repeat me ſomething that I may form an eſtimate of your talents, for I tell you fairly I have a point in view, and I ſhall be glad to find you capable of what I wiſh."

I now began to think that my promotion depended upon my elocution in recitation, and in obedience to her ladyſhip's command, I repeated Collins's Ode on the Paſſions. When I finiſhed ſhe ſaid it was very pretty, but that ſhe believed it was one of Mr. Dalby's; and ſhe was ſure it was ſo like, at all events, that if it was not his it muſt have been taken from his. She then told me that

that I repeated very prettily and much better than ſhe expected; but that I was not ſufficiently animated. "However," ſaid ſhe, "allowance muſt be made for the firſt time. I dare ſay you have been brought up on the foundation of one of the public ſchools. Can you dance?" At this queſtion I bluſhed; but I knew not why, for I had been conſidered as the beſt dancer at Reading. I bowed, and ſaid I had been taught. "I ſee you will do," ſaid her ladyſhip, "and I deſire you will leave word where you may be found at a minute's warning. The man whom I am going to diſcharge is a faithful, honeſt creature, and a very good ſervant, but not fit for my eſtabliſhment; he can't repeat, and my nymphs

don't

don't like him. I ſhall let him go with credit, and give him the beſt of characters; he has yet near a month to ſtay, but I engage you from this day; go with Flora, who will give you ſome refreſhment; inform her where you live, and ſhe will talk to you of your ſalary, and all particulars. Flora, take care of this young man." She then gently inclined her head to my bow, and the airy ſylph who had conducted me to her ladyſhip, making a ſlight and graceful curteſy, led the way.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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the